



JOE MILLERS
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JOE MILLER'S JESTS;

OR THE

WITS VADE-MECUM;

Being a Collection of the most brilliant Jests, curious Bon-Mots, and
pleasing short Stories in the English Language, as related
by the following facetious Gentlemen:

C. BANNISTER,	EDWIN,	HARRY HALE,
J. PALMER,	LEE LEWES,	JACK QUICK,
W. PALMER,	NED SCOTT,	SIG. DELPINI,

And the Rest of the SONS of CONVIVIALITY,

From the Witty Lord to the Droll Peasner.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A Choice Collection of Moral Sentences;

ALSO A COLLECTION OF

CURIOUS EPIGRAMS.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE

CHOICE SPIRITS OF THE AGE.

A NEW EDITION.

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JOHN MILLER & SONS

1881

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DURING the King of Prussia's last painful illness, that eminent physician, Dr. Zimmermam, of Hanover, attended him. One day, when he waited upon his Majesty, the King said to him,—*You have, Sir, I suppose, helped many into another world. — Not so many,* replied Zimmermam, *as your Majesty, nor with so much honour to myself.*

The King once rang the bell in his cabinet; but as nobody answered, he opened the door of the anti-chamber, and found his page fast asleep upon a chair. He went up to wake him; but coming nearer, he observed a paper in his pocket, upon which something was written. This excited his curiosity. He pulled it out, and found that it was a letter from the page's mother, the contents of which were nearly as follows:—*'She returned her son many thanks for the money he had saved out of his salary, and had sent to her, which had proved a very timely assistance. God would certainly reward him for it: and if he continued to serve God and his king faithfully and conscientiously, he could not fail of success and prosperity in this world.'*—Upon reading this, the

King slept softly into his closet, fetched a rouleau of ducats, and put it, with the letter, into the page's pocket. He then rang so long, till the page awoke and came into the closet. '*You have been asleep, I suppose,*' said the King. The page could not deny it? stammered out an excuse; put, in his embarrassment, his hand into his pocket, and felt the rouleau of ducats. He immediately pulled it out, turned pale, and looked at the King with tears in his eyes. '*What's the matter with you?*' said the King. '*Oh!*' replied the page, '*Somebody has contrived my ruin; I know nothing of this money.—What God bestows,*' returned the King, '*he bestows in sleep. Send the money to your mother; give my respects to her, and inform her, that I will take care both of her and you.*'

A short time before the King's death, a good appointment had been given to a Subaltern in his army. The warrant was, as usual, laid before the King for his approbation and signature; but, instead of signing it, he drew under it a man hanging upon a gallows; having recollected some particular occurrence in which he had behaved improperly, and rendered himself unworthy of promotion.

A celebrated Chief Justice being on the midland circuit, a Mr. Shirley, of the county of Leicester, was brought before him, charged with having committed a rape on the body of one of his tenant's daughter's; the judge was remarkable for possessing an uncommon share of delicacy, and therefore, on the day preceding that of the intended trial, ordered the trier of the court to give notice, that it would come on the next morning at seven o'clock; thereby trusting that the female sex would absent themselves on such an occasion: instead of which the ladies came pouring in numbers into the court by six o'clock: at length the judge having heard all that the witnesses had to say in support of the charge, desired the prisoner would enter upon his defence. Mr. Shirley therefore

therefore informed the court, that as he was one evening walking over the ground, he espied his prosecutrix carry away a bundle of faggots from a pile that belonged to him, and observing that she was a handsome girl, he jocosely told her, *If ever he caught her repeating the transgression, he would assuredly repay himself in a way most agreeable to his wishes.* Business calling him the next day to town, he was absent about a fortnight, and on his return home, one of his servants desired to know whether he had given permission to a young woman to carry away faggots from such a pile, for that she had done it every evening since his departure; it immediately recurred to him, that it must be the girl he had seen before; and about the same hour he repaired to the old spot, where he had not waited long, before she made her appearance: to be brief, he jocularly desired the girl to *make personal restitution*, which, without hesitation or reluctance, she complied with; Mr. Shirley, in short, was honourably acquitted; but before he departed the court, the judge desired to give him one piece of advice; *If, says his lordship, you should ever find a woman stealing your faggots again, do not threaten her with such a punishment, for if you do, believe me, that the ladies in the gallery will not leave you a stick in your hedge.*

Lord Peterborough, when a young man, and about the time of the Revolution, had a passion for a lady who was fond of birds. She had seen and heard a fine canary bird at a coffee-house near Charing-cross, and entreated him to get it for her. The owner of it was a widow, and Lord Peterborough offered to buy it at a great price, which she refused. Finding there was no other way of coming at the bird, he determined to change it; and getting one of the same colour, with nearly the same marks, but which happened to be a hen, he went to the house. The mistress of it usually sat in a room behind the bar, to which he had easy access. Contriving to send her out of the way, he effected his purpose; and upon her return, took his leave. He continued to frequent the

house, to avoid suspicion; but forbore saying any thing of the bird, till about two years after; when, taking occasion to speak of it, he said to the woman,—*I would have bought that bird of you, and you refused my money for it, I dare say you are by this time sorry for it.*—Indeed Sir, answered the woman, *I am not; nor would I take any sum for him; for, would you believe it? from the time that our good King was forced to go abroad and leave us, the dear creature has not sung a note.*

Sam. Foote was invited to a convivial meeting at the house of the late Sir Francis Blake Delaval. Lord Sandwich was one of the guests upon the same occasion. When the Comedian entered, the peer exclaimed, *What are you still alive?*—*Yes, my Lord,* replied Foote. Pray, Sam, retorted his lordship, *Which do you think will happen to you first, the experience of a certain disease, or an intimate acquaintance with the gallows?*—*Why,* rejoined the comedian, *that depends upon circumstances, and they are these, whether I prefer embracing your lordship's mistress, or your principles.*

A young fellow, who had more fortune than wit, being at dinner, at the house of a gentleman of distinction, a young lady that was there was taken with a fainting fit, and while every body hastened to her assistance, some with smelling bottles, and some with other helps, proper on such occasion; says the spark, with a sneer, *There is no great danger, I suppose it only a breeding qualm;* Sir, says a gentleman that sat near him, with a severe tone of voice, *The lady is a sister of mine, and has been a widow these two years.*—*Pardon me,* replied the spark, who did not extremely like his looks, and was willing to palliate the offence, *she looks so young and innocent, that I took her for a maid.*

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Some gentlemen coming out of a tavern pretty merry, a link boy cried, *Have a light, gentlemen? — Light yourself to the devil, you dog,* says one of the company. — *Bless you, master,* replied the boy, *I can find the way in the dark; shall I light your honour there?*

A gentleman riding through a river, which he supposed deep, bid his servant go before. But he, to shew his politeness, replied, *I never will be guilty of so much ill-manners; pray, sir, do you cross over first.*

A man having a scolding wife, he swore he would drown himself; she followed him, and desired him to forbear, at least to let her speak with him. *Speak quickly then,* says he. *Pray, husband, if you will needs drown yourself, pray take my counsel, to go into a deep place, for it will grieve my heart to see you a long time dying.*

In a great storm at sea, when all expected to be cast away, they went to prayers; in the midst of their devotion, a boy falls a laughing. The captain asked him, *What he meant by it? Why, truly, sir,* said he, *I laugh at that man's fiery nose there, to think what a hissing it will make by and bye, when it comes into the water.*

A physician's horse being out of order, he sent him to the farrier to be cured, which being done, the Doctor went to pay him, *No,* said the farrier, *We doctors never take any money one of another.*

As a thief was going to the gallows out of the town, near Norwich, many boys ran to see the execution; which he seeing, called to them, saying, *Boys, you need not make so much haste, for there will be no sport till I come.*

A young bride undressing herself unwillingly, and crying, *Well, child, says her mother, I wish I were to take thy place to night.*

An old lady meeting a Cambridge student, asked him, how her nephew behaved himself? Truly, madam, says he, he is a brave fellow, and sticks close to *Catherine Hall*, (the name of a college there.) I vow, said she, I feared as much; he had always a *hankering after the wenches from a boy!*

A citizen was saying in company, that he had never seen an ear of rye in his life. A young lady then present, whose name was Miss Rye, said; at the same time shewing him one of her ears, Here, sir, is an ear of Rye, which, if you please, you may behold. The gentleman immediately caught hold of her ear, and gave her a pinch, Now, madam, said he, you have a wry face too.

A dispute having long subsisted in a gentleman's family, between the maid and the coachman, about fetching the cream for breakfast; the gentleman one morning called them both before him, that he might hear what they had to say, and decide accordingly. The maid pleaded, that the coachman was lounging about the kitchen the best part of the morning, yet he was so ill-natured, he would not fetch the cream for her; notwithstanding he saw she had so much to do, that she had not a moment to spare. The coachman alledged, it was none of his business. Very well, said the master; but pray, what do you call your business? To take care of the horses, and clean and drive the coach, replied Jehu. You say right, answered the master, and I do not expect you to do more than I hired you for; but this I insist on, *that every morning before breakfast, you get the coach ready, and drive*

drive the maid to the farmer's for milk; and I hope you will allow that to be part of your business.

A gentleman having a rundlet of sack in his house, a friend of his coming to visit him, he invited him down into the cellar to taste his sack; where, said he, for want of another cup, I have an excellent *Cain* to drink out of. No, I thank you, Sir, said the other, for I know, then I shall not be *Able* to come up again..

A notorious thief being to be tried for his life, confessed the robbery he was charged with. The judge hereupon directed the jury to find him guilty, upon his own confession. The jury having laid their heads together, brought him in not guilty. The judge bid them consider of it again; but still they brought in their verdict, not guilty. The judge asked them the reason; the foreman replied, there is reason enough, *for we all know him to be one of the greatest liars in the world.*

Dr. King, late Archbishop of Dublin, having invited several persons of distinction to dine with him, had, among a great variety of dishes, a fine leg of mutton and caper-sauce; but the doctor, who was not fond of butter, and remarkable for preferring a trencher to a plate, had some of the above pickles reserved dry for his own use; which, as he was mincing, he called aloud to the company to observe him: *I here present you, my lords and gentlemen, said he, with a sight that may henceforward serve you to talk of as something curious, That you saw an archbishop of Dublin, at fourscore and seven years of age, cut capers upon a trencher.*

Some years ago, Dr. Johnson being in company with Foote, the emigration of the Scotch to London.

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became the subject of conversation. Foote insisted that the emigrants were as numerous in the former, as in the present reign; the doctor the contrary. This dispute continued with a friendly warmth for some time; when Johnson called out, you are certainly in the wrong, Sam; but I see how you are deceived; you cannot distinguish them now as formerly, for the fellows all come *breeched to the capital of late years*.

Three young Cantabs went one evening to a coffee-house near St. James's, being recommended to it for the goodness of the wine, particularly Old Hock; one of them, who took upon himself to be the wit of the company, ordered the waiter to bring a bottle of *hic, hæc, hoc*. However, the waiter paid no attention to his command; and, upon being called again, was damned for a stupid rascal, and asked the reason why he did not bring the hock. Really, gentlemen, said he, I thought you had *declined it*.

Two girls of Whitechapel, disputing about precedence, one the daughter of a gentleman of small fortune. You are to consider, miss, said the brewer's daughter, that my pappas keeps a coach. Very true, madam, said the other, and you are to consider that he likewise keeps a dray.

Mrs.——, who had married a husband of great good nature, but a little deficient in point of understanding, was reproached by her brother-in-law, who told her in derision, that she had coupled herself to a fool. So has my sister, says she, *for no man of sense would ever endeavour to give any woman a mean opinion of her husband*.

A certain highwayman used to rob on the highway, dressed in the attire of a clergyman, and it was observed by a wit, *he like them collected his tythes*.

An Oxford scholar being informed that a carrier who stopped at the door, was an arch fellow, thus attacked him. Why, they tell me, my friend, that you are a very wise man. May be so, says the fellow. And that you know all London, continued the scholar, and every body in it; pray can you tell me where I live? In *Knave's Acre*, says the carrier; Ay, but I am about to move, says the Oxonian: *And that will be to Tyburn*, quoth the other.

A few weeks ago, as a gentleman in one of the coffee-houses East of Temple-bar, was reading to a group of City politicians, the late famous speech of Lord Shelburne, in which his lordship expressed his opinion, That our very women were able to beat back the French, if they should attempt an invasion of this country; a naval gentleman immediately jumped up, and striking his fist against the table, cried, Right, my boy! damme if I doubt it, and I hope to see the day that some of the *Monfieurs* shall receive a sound drubbing from a British ship *manned with women*.

A gentleman crossing Ludgate-Street, was applied to by a man who sweeps the crossing for charity. The gentleman replied, I am going a little farther, and will remember you when I return. Please your honour, says the man, *it is unknown the credit I give in this way*.

A gentleman who had a numerous family, observing once at a table, that thank God he could digest any thing; another asked him how he digested his ten children? O, sir, said the gentleman, *I bring them up*.

An Indian chief being asked his opinion of a cask of Madeira wine, presented to him by an officer in the Company's service, said, he thought it a juice extracted from womens tongues and lions hearts; for after he had

drank a bottle of it, he said, *he could talk for ever, and fight the devil.*

A man in Flanders dreamed one night that he was a cuckold, so he went to a priest to desire him to confess his wife, especially in that point. Well, says the priest to him, because you are my loving friend, I will lend you my gown and hood, and you shall take her confession yourself. This very priest had lain with this man's wife several times; so while he was waiting for his wife's coming, the priest went and told her the intrigue, and that her husband was to take her confession; so when she came to him, and after many simple questions that he asked her, confessed to him, *that she had only lain with three men; that was a young man, an old man, and a Friar*; so he came home, as he thought, undiscovered; as he was at work, he would often be crying, the young man, the old man, and the friar. Troth, husband, I believe the Priest has told what I confessed to him, and I did indeed confess so to him, for I did so, I lay with a young man, an old man, and a friar; and yet, husband, these three are but one; for I lay with you when you were a young man, and I lie with you now you are an old man, and are you not the friar which I made my confession to? Therefore all these three were only you, my dear husband. Is it so, my honest and chaste wife? Well, by my faith, thou hast given me such great satisfaction in point of thy honesty, that I should be both fool and knave to question it any more.

An impudent fellow dined so often at a gentleman's house, that he grew quite weary of him: and seeing him there one day desired dinner to be put back. The fellow, after waiting some time, enquired when dinner would come up. Truly, Sir, says the servant, *not till you are gone, so it is but a folly for you to stay.*

A Philosopher being blamed by a stander-by, for defending an argument weakly against the emperor Adrian, replied, *What, would you have me contend with a man that commands thirty legions of soldiers.*

A painter turned physician, upon which change, a friend applauded him, saying, you have done well; for before, *your faults could be discovered by the naked eye, but now they are hid.*

It being told Antigonus, in order to intimidate him, as he marched to the field of battle, that the enemy would shoot such volleys of arrows as would intercept the light of the sun. I am glad of that, replied he, *for it being very hot, we shall then fight in the shade.*

On the death of Cardinal Fleury, the Royal Academicians wished that Voltaire might succeed him as a member of that society. The ancient bishop of Mirepoix opposed Voltaire, under a pretence, that it would be an offence to God, should a profane person, like him, succeed a Cardinal.

Mirepoix was a dull bigot, and Voltaire took all opportunities to laugh at his absurdities. The Bishop usually signed his letters *Anc. Eveque*, &c. Voltaire always read Ane, or Afs, for Acien, or Ancient, and this joke passed from Paris to his correspondents in the courts abroad. Mirepoix soon heard of his nickname, and complained bitterly to the King that he was laughed at for a fool in foreign courts. *Oh!* said Louis, *that is a matter quite settled, and you must let it pass, my lord.*

Louis XIV. was told that Lord Stair was one of the best bred men in Europe. I shall soon put that to the test, said the King; and asking Lord Stair to take an airing with him, as soon as the door was opened, he bade him pass and go in. The other bowed, and obeyed. The King
said,

said, *The world is in the right in the character it gives. Another person would have troubled me with ceremony.*

King William having invited the Earl of Pembroke to one of his parties, was told that his Lordship was quarrellsome in his cups. He laughed and said, he would defy any man to quarrel with him, as long as he could make the bottle go round. What was foretold, however, happened; and Lord Pembroke was carried from the room and put to bed. When told the next morning what he had done, he hastened to the palace, and threw himself upon his knee. *No apologies, said the King; I was told you had no fault in the world but one, and I am glad to find it is true, for I do not like your faultless people.* Then taking him by the hand, he added, *Make not yourself uneasy, these accidents, over a bottle, are nothing among friends.*

Santeuil, a celebrated writer of Latin hymns, in France, during the last century, having once a confessional dress on, a lady, who took him for a confessor, fell upon her knees, and recounted all her sins. The poet muttered something to himself. The penitent, thinking he was reproaching her for her wickedness, hastened the conclusion of her confession; and, when she found the confessor quite silent, she then asked him for absolution. *What! do you take me for a priest?* said Santeuil, — *Why, then,* said the lady, quite alarmed, *did you listen to me?* — *And why,* replied Santeuil, *did you speak to me?* — *I'll this instant go and complain to your prior,* said the enraged female. — *And I,* said the poet, *will go to your husband, and give him a full account of your conduct.*

A few days after the Rye-house plot, Charles II. was walking in St. James's Park, without guards or attendants; the duke of York afterwards remonstrated with him on the imprudence of his conduct. *Take care of yourself, brother James,* replied the King: *Don't make yourself*

yourself uneasy about me ; for no man will kill me, to make you king.

A clown once took a fancy to hear the Latin disputes of doctors at a university. He was asked what pleasure he could take in viewing such combatants, when he could never know so much as which of the parties had the better. *For that matter, replied the clown, I an't such a fool neither, but I can see who's the first that puts t'other in a passion.*

When Congreve was asked by a court lady, why, in his comedies, he made so free with the sex? *Because, said the bard, I draw my characters from nature.*

Some time after the late Lord Waldegrave abjured the catholic religion, he was sent ambassador to France, where he resided several years. Being one day at an entertainment where his cousin the duke of Berwick, and many other noblemen, were present, the duke wanting to mortify him on the score of religion, asked his lordship, whether the *ministers* of state, or the *ministers* of the gospel, had the greatest share in his conversion?—*I am astonished, my lord duke, says Waldegrave, how you can ask me such a question! Do not you know, that when I quitted the Roman Catholic religion, I left off confession.*

Several years ago, Dr. Arne produced an operetta at Covent-garden theatre, called *The Rose*, which, though there were many scriptural allusions in it, was hissed off the stage the first night. Foote getting into the lobby of the house just after its fate, was asked by an acquaintance, what he really thought of it.—*Why, abating the piety of it, says the wit, I must confess I never saw a piece so justly damned in my life.*

Rochefoucault, the French Rochester of Louis the fourteenth's court, having offended the king, hired a dung-cart,

cart, and stripping himself quite naked, got up to the chin in it, just as his majesty was passing through the streets of Paris in state. The dung-cart man, as instructed, immediately fell a wrangling with one of the king's postillions, which occasioned so much noise, that the king put his head out of the window to know what was the matter. Rochefoucault, watching the opportunity, raised himself forward in the cart, all bemired as he was, and bowing very respectfully to his majesty, replied,—*Nothing at all, sire, but that your coachman and mine have had a fracas together.*

When a certain nobleman was made lord lieutenant of Ireland, it was hinted to him that the crown would spare him the trouble of looking out for a secretary. His lordship, however, immediately replied, that he had fixed upon one already, an attorney of his acquaintance, whose honour, good sense, and fidelity, he had the greatest assurances of. *Poh, poh,* says the officer of the crown, who was speaking to him, *all that may be, but then he'll not do for a secretary. There you and I differ,* says his lordship, ending the conversation, *I know of no place that a man of good sense and integrity is not fit for.*

Professor Smith, of Glasgow, was enumerating to Dr. Johnson the many fine prospects which were to be seen at Edinburgh and its environs. When he had done, Dr. Johnson said, "*I believe you have forgot to mention the best prospect of the whole. What is that?*" said the professor:—*The road from Edinburgh to London.*

During the last war with France, Lord How was suddenly awakened from his sleep by an officer, who, in haste, told him the ship was on fire close to the powder-room. His lordship coolly replied,—*If it is so, we shall soon know it.* Some minutes afterwards, the lieutenant returned, and told his lordship he had no occasion to be afraid, for the fire was extinguished. *Afraid!* replied lord

lord Howe, hastily ;—*What do you mean by that, sir, I never was afraid in my life!*

When the Duke of Nivernois was Ambassador in England, he was going down to lord Townshend's seat in Norfolk, on a private visit, quite dishabille, and with only one servant, when he was obliged, from a very heavy shower of rain, to stop at a farm house in the way. The master of the house was a clergyman, who, to a poor curacy, added the care of a few scholars in the neighbourhood, which, in all, might make his living about 80*l.* a year, and which was all he had to maintain a wife and six children. When the duke alighted, the clergyman, not knowing his rank, begged him to come in and dry himself, which the other accepted, by borrowing a pair of old worsted stockings and slippers of him, and warming himself by a good fire. After some conversation, the duke observed an old chess-board hanging up; and as he was passionately fond of that game, he asked the clergyman whether he could play? The other told him he could, pretty tolerably; but found it very difficult, in that part of the country, to get an antagonist. — *I am your man*, says the Duke. — *With all my heart*, says the parson, — *and if you'll stay and eat pot luck, I'll try if I can't beat you.* The day continuing rainy, the Duke accepted his offer; when the parson played so much better, that he won every game. This was so far from fretting the duke, that he was highly pleased to meet a man who could give him such entertainment at his favourite game. He accordingly enquired into the state of his family affairs, — and just taking a memorandum of his address, without discovering his title, thanked him, and departed. Some months passed over, and the clergyman never thought any thing of the matter; when, one evening, a footman in laced livery rode up to the door, and presented him with the following billet:—

The duke of Nivernois's compliments wait on the Rev. Mr. —, and, as a remembrance for the good drubbing he

gave.

gave him at chefs, begs that he would accept of the living of —, worth 400*l.* per annum, and that he will wait on his grace the duke of Newcastle on Friday next, to thank him for the same.—The good parson was sometime before he could imagine it any thing more than a jest, and was not for going; but as his wife insisted on his trying, he came up to town, and found the contents of the billet literally true, to his unspeakable satisfaction.

Mr. Quin was at Tunbridge for his health, when a certain oratorical gentleman burst out into such extravagant fits of laughter, in the assembly room, that he drew the observation of all the company upon him. Coming up to Quin, he asked him, if he had ever seen a man in such spirits before?—Yes, once, replied the wit, but then he was in Moorfields.

Mr. Quin, upon his first coming to Bath, found himself very extravagantly charged for eatables and drinkables, as well as lodging and washing. At the end of the first week, he took aside Mr. Nash, Master of the Ceremonies, who invited him to Bath, as being the cheapest place in England for a man of taste and a *bon vivant*. Mr. Nash, who loved his joke, and knew that Quin loved a pun as well as himself, replied, *They have acted by you upon truly Christian principles.* How so? says Quin.—*Why,* resumed Nash, *you was a stranger and they took you in.*—*Ay, but,* said Quin, *they have fleeced me, instead of cloathing me.*

As Quin and another gentleman were passing one evening through St. Paul's Church-yard, their attention was attracted by a mob of people, who were assembled to hear a man relate, *That there had been a chimney on fire in the Borough; that he had seen, with his own eyes, the engines go, in order to extinguish it; but that it was quite got under before they arrived.* Upon seeing the attention of such a concourse of people attracted by so very unentertaining a detail

a detail, Mr. Quin and his friend could not help reflecting upon the natural curiosity of Englishmen, which was excited by the most trifling circumstance;—and very frequently by no circumstance at all. *Let us try,* said Quin, *an experiment upon our countrymen's curiosity.* This was immediately agreed to; and they accordingly repaired to the opposite side of the church-yard, where, having taken a convenient stand, and staring up to the stone gallery, Quin gravely said, *This is about the time.*—*Yes,* replied the other, taking out his watch, and looking at it under a lamp, *this was precisely the time it made its appearance last night.* They had now collected at least a dozen inquisitive spectators, who, fixing their eyes upon the steeple, asked, *What was to be seen?* To this Mr. Quin replied, *That the ghost of a lady who had been murdered, had been seen to walk round the rails of the stone gallery for some evenings, and that she was expected to walk again to-night.* This information was presently spread through the multitude, which, by this time, was augmented to at least a hundred. All eyes were fixed upon the stone gallery, and imagination frequently supplied the place of reality, in making them believe they saw something move on the top of the balustrade. The joke having thus taken, Quin and his companion withdrew, went and passed the evening at the Half-moon tavern in Cheap-side, and, upon their return, between twelve and one, the crowd still remained in eager expectation of the ghost's arrival.

Charles V. Emperor of Germany, passing once by a village of Arragon, on Easter-day, a person met him, who, according to the custom of the country, was crowned Paschal King, and said, gravely to him,—*Sir, it is I that am king.*—*Much good may it do you,* says the Emperor as gravely; *you have chosen a troublesome employment.*

A philosopher and a wit were crossing from Harwich to Holland, and a high swell rising, the philosopher seemed under

under great apprehensions lest he should go to the bottom.—Why, observed the wit, *that will suit your genius to a title; as for my part, you know I am only for skimming the surface of things.*

Mr. Pope, who, notwithstanding his diminutive and misshapen figure, was not a little vain of his person, having asked Swift what people thought of him in Ireland: *Why, said Swift, they think you are a very little man, but a very great poet.*—Pope retorted with some acrimony.—*They think the very reverse of you in England.*

It is related of Mr. Addison, who, though an elegant writer, was too diffident of himself ever to shine as a public speaker, that at the time of debating the Union Act in the House of Commons, he rose up, and addressing himself to the Speaker, said, *Mr. Speaker, I conceive;*—but could go no farther;—then rising again, he said, *Mr. Speaker, I conceive*—Still unable to proceed he sat down again. A third time he arose, and was still unable to say any thing more than—*Mr. Speaker, I conceive;*—when a certain young member, who was possessed of more effrontery and volubility, arose and said, *Mr. Speaker, I am very sorry to find that the Honourable Gentleman over the way has conceived three times, and brought forth nothing.*

A certain genius, who had more wit than prudence, could not avoid observing the great attachment his patron's lady had to the vociferous bawling vulgarly called scolding; and in one of his scribbling moods he penned an ode to a vixen, which he thought so good a piece, that he could not refrain shewing it to his friend, who was greatly pleased with the thought, and desired a copy. *Why should you want a copy, sir,* replied the wit, *when you have been so long in possession of the original.*

An Irishman being in company, was joked on the inaccuracy of their talk and their frequent blunders in conversation: to which he replied, he thought the pope had misplaced their tongue as well as their legs, *which were unusually thick at bottom.*

A Scotch clergyman, whose wife was a descendant of the famous Xantippe, in going through a course of lectures on the Revelations of St. John, imbibed from this obtruse writer an opinion that the sex had no souls, and were incapable of future punishment. It was no sooner known in the country, that he maintained this doctrine, than he was summoned before a presbytery of his brethren, to be dealt with according to his delinquency. When he appeared at the bar, they asked him, if he really held so heretical an opinion. He told them plainly that he did. On desiring to be informed of his reason for so doing—*in the Revelation of St. John the Divine, said he, you will find this passage, And there was silence in heaven for about half an hour.* Now I appeal to all of you, whether that could have happened, had there been any women there; and charity forbids us to imagine that they were in a worse place: thereby it follows, that they have no immortal part, and are exempted from being accountable for all the noise and disturbance they have raised in this world.

A Roman Catholic gentleman went a partridge-shooting along with a protestant neighbour of his on his fast-day; they were driven about noon, by a thunder storm, to a little public-house, where they could get nothing to eat but some bacon and eggs. The good Catholic had a tender conscience, and would eat nothing but eggs; the Protestant, his companion, who was one of your good sort of people, said, there could be no harm in his eating a bit of bacon with his eggs; that bacon could not be called flesh; that it was no more than a red-berring; it is fish, as one may say. So the Catholic took a bit of bacon with his eggs;

eggs; But just as he had put it into his mouth, there came a most tremendous clap of thunder; upon which the poor Catholic slipped it down upon his plate again, muttering to himself—*What a noise here is about a bit of bacon!*

Dean Swift used to say—I hate Lent; I hate different diets, and frumity with butter, and herb porridge, and the four devout faces of people who only put on religion for seven weeks.

A barber who generally shaves for a penny, and had lately the good fortune to marry a handsome wife, with a trifle of money, happened to call in at a neighbour's, who keeps a school; the children at that time were reading their lesson, and one of the boys coming to the following passage in the New Testament, viz. *It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven*; the barber suddenly started and turned pale, and with tears cried out, *If that is the case, the Lord have mercy upon me, what will become of me, then!*

Curious Sign Post in the Country.

BEARDS TAKIN OF AND REGISTURD!

BY ISAAC FAC-TOTUM.

Barber, Peri-wig-maker, Surgeon, Parish clerk, School-master, Blacksmith, and Man-widwife.

Shaves for a penne, cuts hare for two-pence, and oyld and powdird into the bargain. Young ladys genteely edicated in reding, righting, &c. Lamps lited by the yere

or

or quarter. Young gentlemen also taut their grammer language in the neatest manner, and great kear taken of their morels and spelin. Also, salm finging and horse shewing by the real maker! likewise makes and mends all sorts of Butes and shoes, teches the Ho boy and Jews harp, cuts corns, bleds and blisters on the lowest terms; glisters and purgins at a penne a peace. Cowtillions and other dances taut at hoam and abroad. Also, deals hole-sale and retale—Pisfumary in all its branchis. Sells all sorts of stationary wair, together with blacking balls, red herrins, gingerbred and cole. Scrubbin brushes, treycle, mouce traps, and other sweetmetes. Likewise, godfathers cordial, red rutes, tatoes, passages, and other gardin stuff, with the best tobacca by the ream, quire or single sheat, and so on.

P. S. I teaches joggrefy, and them out-landish kind of things. A bawl on Wensdays, and Frydays. All pir-formed (God willin)

By Me, ISAAC FAC-TOTUM.

N. B. Also, likewise, bewary of counterfeits; for such is abroad.

• • This the only origanel enventor of that famousst licker so much in vogue called cuckholds cumfert or arts heafe.—If you wont believe me—ax the landlord and he will give you a glafs to taste—but you must give him the money for it first.

At the time the famous Jew Bill was debating in the House of Commons, Mr. Pelham finding the arguments running strongly against him, and that Mr. L——, who had a very happy method of delivery, had made no small impression by his last harangue, rose up and told the following story.—“ I remember (said he) travelling a few years ago, in Somersetshire, with two ladies who were sisters. We were in a very easy carriage,—the roads were remarkably good,—and we went on particularly pleasant. Notwithstanding this, one of the ladies was in continual terror, crying out at every little jolt,—‘ O, dear,

dear, sir, we shall be over!—We shall certainly be killed!—I wish I had never ventured on this journey!—Bless me! there again!—well, we shall positively never get out alive.—Finding this lady so extremely timorous and apprehensive, I enquired of her sister whether the coachman was a sober man, and understood his business. To which I was answered,—‘She had never seen him intoxicated,—that he had driven them for many years, without any accident having ever happened,—and that there was not a more able coachman in the whole country. I then enquired if he was acquainted with the road? To this I was also answered,—‘Nobody knew it better, and that he had driven them that very road, at least fifty times. These informations made me greatly astonished at the lady’s terrors, which not only continued, but seemed much increased. Her sister, perceiving my surprise at her behaviour, desired me—to make myself quite easy, for that her sister was really under no apprehensions; but that fancying herself possessed of an agreeable voice, she took every opportunity of hearing it.

Soon after the accession of King James to the crown of England, in one of the tours he made round his kingdom, he was entertained by the Earl of Scarborough, at his seat at Lumley Castle. A right reverend bishop, a relation of his lordship, who was there on a visit at the same time, thinking, no doubt, to possess his Majesty with a grand idea of the importance of the family of his noble relative, began to make his Majesty acquainted with a genealogical detail of every person who had existed in a long continued line of his lordship’s progenitors, and attempted to deduce the origin of the family from a period so remote, that it exceeded every degree of credibility. The King, whose patience was at length quite exhausted, stopped short the reverend genealogist’s narration, by saying, *Dear, sir!—go no farther;—let me digest this knowledge I have gained;—for, upon my honour, I never knew before that Adam’s surname was Lumley.*

King Charles II. being at bowls, and having laid a bowl very near the jack, *my soul to a horse-turd*, says he, *nobody beats that.*—*If you will lay odds*, says Rochester, *I'll take the bet.*

The great Henry IV. of France being asked by one of his haughty favourites why his Majesty gave himself the trouble to return the salutes of so many beggars who made their obeisance to him in the streets, instantly replied—*Because I wish not to see the beggars in my streets exceed me in politeness.*

Dr. Brown, chaplain to the Bishop of Hereford, dining one day with his lordship, in company with a young lady to whom he paid his addresses, was asked for his toast after dinner; when the bishop, perceiving him to hesitate, cried—*O I beg your pardon, doctor, your toast is not yet Brown.*

The late Pope Ganganelli, seeing a young man very intent upon taking off some fine pieces in one of the churches at Rome, sent for him, and desired to know his profession. The youth replied that he had been bred to none; but that his father was a merchant who had failed and died in Florence. Whatever your father was, said his holiness, I see you are inclined to be a painter, but it is not customary to take off church pieces in the manner you did. The young man now began to excuse himself, but the Pope desired him not be alarmed, insisted on seeing his piece, and had him instructed in drawing, at his own expence. Some of those about him expressed their wonder at his holiness's generosity to this stranger, and the more so as they said it appeared he was a Protestant, from which heresy not one step had been taken to convert him. Ah! said Ganganelli, as a Pope I am bound to commend your pious care; but as a man, I am bound to tell you, *that painting is of no religion.*

J. M.

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An Irish gentleman, who had been appointed an ensign in the army, had his regimentals made in a very awkward and bungling manner; and in particular, his sleeves were four or five inches too short. Some friend of his, observed that his cloaths did not fit him at all. How the devil should they, said the honest Hibernian. for when the taylor took measure of me, *he was in London, and I was in Dublin.*

A student in one of the Universities sent to another student of his college, to borrow a certain book. I never lend my books out said the latter, but if the gentleman chuses to come to my chambers he may make use of it as long as he pleases. A few days after, he that had refused the book, sent to the other to borrow a pair of bellows. I never lend my bellows out, says this other, 'but if the gentleman chuses to come to my chambers, he may make use of them as long as he pleases.'

Lord S——— was one day at Huntingdon races, when a horse by the name of Satan ran for the plate—Lord S. coming up to a gentleman, said, fir, my eyes are not very good; which horse is first? I have bet on Satan. Aye, replied the other, you are on the right side; *the Devil is always a friend to your Lordship.*

Mrs. Foote, mother of Aristophanes, was of a very whimsical turn of mind, and experienced the caprice of fortune nearly as much as her son. The day she was sent prisoner to the King's Bench, Foot was taken to a spunging house; when the following laconic letters passed between mother and son. *Dear Sam, I am in prison.—Answer, Dear mother, So am I.*

A sailor coming across Blackbeath one evening, was stopped by a footpad, who demanded his money, when a scuffle ensued, the tar took the robber, who meeting some people, who persuaded him to bear away with his prize

prize to the justice of the peace at Woolwich, which the tar did; and when the magistrate came to examine into the assault, he said he must take his oath, that he put him in bodily fear, otherwise he could not commit the man; the sailor looking stedfastly at the justice, answered, *He, d—n him, He, put me in bodily fear!* No, nor any that ever lived: therefore, if that is the case, you may let him go; *for d—n me if I swear to any such a lie.*

Counsellor Bearcroft was employed in Mr. Vanfittart's famous cause. In his address to the Jury, he said, that for brevity's sake, in the course of the trial, he should shorten Mr. Vanfittart's name, and call him Mr. *Van*. When Mr. Vanfittart's examination came on, he begged leave that he might be indulged with the same liberty as the learned counsel, by shortening his name, and he should therefore call him Mr. *Bear*.

A rider to a capital house in Watling-street, being on a journey, was attacked a few miles beyond Winchester, by a single highwayman, who taking him by surprise, robbed him of his purse and pocket book, containing cash and notes to a considerable amount. Sir, (said the rider with great presence of mind, I have suffered you to take my property, and you are very welcome to it: It is my master's, and the loss cannot do him much harm: but as it will look very cowardly in me to have been robbed without making any resistance, I should take it kind in you just to fire a pistol through my hat. With all my heart (said the highwayman), whereabouts will you have the ball?"—Here, said the rider, just by the side of the button—The unthinking highwayman was as good as his word; but the moment he fired, the rider knocked him off his horse, and with the assistance of a traveller, who just at that time arrived, lodged the highwayman in Winchester Goal.

The Marquis of Carmarthen being at Mitchener's coffee-room at Margate, was much solicited by a poor man to buy some toothpicks. Well, said the Marquis, what is the price of your toothpicks? A guinea a piece, replied the man. A guinea a piece! said the Marquis, why toothpicks must be very scarce at Margate, surely, by your asking such an exorbitant price? No, replied the man, toothpicks are not scarce here, but *Marquises* are.

Foote was very fond of good eating and drinking, and naturally frequented those tables where the best was to be found. He one day not long before his death, called upon an Alderman in the city (with whom he was intimately acquainted) just at dinner time, when, instead of the usual delicacies, he saw only some green peas soup, and a neck of mutton; he suffered both to be taken away, and said he should wait for something else. The alderman could not refrain telling him, that they had an accident in the morning which spoiled the whole dinner, and nothing had escaped the catastrophe but these two dishes, for the kitchen chimney had fallen in. Oh! is it so, said Foote, then John, bring back the mutton, for I see it is *neck* or *nothing* with us.

A party of gentlemen at the Baptist's Head Coffee-house, one evening, made an appointment to set out early the next morning for Cox-Heath camp; one of them said he was so drowsy in a morning, that he could not wake without being called. An Irish gentleman, one of the party, said, for his part, it was no trouble to him, to rise early, for he had been so fortunate as to buy an alarm, and therefore he had nothing to do but to *pull the string*; and then he could *wake himself* at what hour he pleased.

A rider to a capital house in the city, celebrated for his humour, as very many of his fraternity are, being
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at Bristol, invited no less than six quakers to sup with him at his quarters; presently after, some of the friends were anxious to hear the rider sing, but being inconsistent with their plan of purity, to request so profane a favour, they went a round about way to work. Friend, said one, 'Dost not thee sometimes amuse thyself by singing a song?' I do, said he. 'Then if thou art inclined, resumed old broad brim, to amuse thyself after that manner now, we shall not oppose thee.' After repeated solicitations of this kind, he began to amuse himself in that way, and the friends seemed as much amused as he. It is to be observed, that it was Saturday night, and the clock struck twelve just as he had sung three verses of a song, not famed for its strict accordance with the rules of modesty; the rider paused, and said he did not chuse to proceed, as it was Sunday morning.—*Thou mayst finish thy song, friend*, said one of them, for I can assure thee that clock goes *five minutes too fast*.

In a storm at sea, Mr. Swain, chaplain of the Rutland, asked one of the crew, if he thought there was any danger? O yes, replied the sailor, if it blows as hard as it does now, we shall all be in Heaven before twelve o'clock to night. The chaplain terrified at the expression, cried out, *O God forbid!*

A gentleman being under the hands of a political barber who was shaving his head, the tonfor was giving him an account of the seat of the late war in America, and describing General Provost's situation before Charles-Town. The barber growing rather tedious, and talking too much, the gentleman told him that he hoped he was not *drawing a map of the country on his head with a razor*.

The famous Weston, of facetious memory, having borrowed on note, the sum of five pounds, and failing in payment, the gentleman who had lent the money, took occasion indiscreetly to talk of it in the public coffee-house,

house, which obliged Weston to take notice of it ; so that it came to a challenge. Being got into the field, the gentleman a little tender in the point of courage, offered him the note to make it up, to which our hero readily consented, and had the note delivered. But now, said the gentleman, if we should return without fighting, our companions will laugh at us ; therefore let us give one another a slight scratch, and say we wounded one another. With all my heart, says Weston, *come, I'll wound you first* ; so drawing his sword, he whipt it through the fleshy part of his antagonist's arm, till he brought the very tears in his eyes. This done, and the wound tied up with a handkerchief ; Come, said the gentleman, *Where shall I wound you ?* Weston putting himself in a posture of defence, *Where you can, by G—d, Sir.* Well, well, says the other, *I can swear I received this wound of you, and so marched off contentedly.*

On a certain lady's meeting a gentleman whom she had not seen for some time, asked him if he was married ? No, madam, replied he. How extremely well and fresh you look, cried the lady, surely you make use of viper broth ? On the contrary, madam, said the gentleman, the cause I look so well is, *that I am not married*, and consequently *have nothing to do with Vipers.*

When the celebrated Beau Nash was ill, Doctor Cheyne wrote a prescription for him. The next day the doctor coming to see his patient, enquired if he had followed his prescription ? No faith Doctor, said Nash, *if I had I should have broke my neck, for I threw it out of a two pair of stairs window.*

A highwayman presenting a blunderbuss to a gentleman in his chariot, demanded his money, with the usual compliment : the gentleman readily surrendered his purse, containing about sixty guineas, and told the highwayman, that for his own safety, he had better put the robbery

robbery upon the footing of an exchange, by selling him the blunderbuss for what he had just now taken from him. With all my heart said the highwayman, and gave it the gentleman, who instantly turned the muzzle towards him, and told him if he did not re-deliver his purse he would shoot him. That you may, *if you can*, replied the highwayman, for I promise you *it is not loaded*, and rode off very coolly with his booty.

At an entertainment given by the heads of a parish, to which Charles Bannister was invited, the company, when the glass had gone round a little, began to sing and be merry; when the clerk of the parish, who sung very agreeably, was so conscious of his merit, that he began to grow very troublesome, and would not suffer any gentleman to sing, except such songs as he thought proper to call for. Hey dey, Mr. Amen, says Charles, this is making too free methinks; for though you make the company sing *what you please of a Sunday*, I can see no reason you should oblige them to do so *every day in the week*.

The Prince of Wales having a mind to divert himself incog. went to see a bull baiting near Hockley in the Hole. The bull, being true game, gave a great deal of sport, and foiled every dog that attacked him. At last old Towzer, whose owner was a butcher in Clare-Market, and stood close to the Prince, fairly pinned the bull. At which the butcher, in the joy of his heart, gave his Royal Highness a swinging clap on the back, saying, *See there, my Prince, that is my dog, damme but it is.*

A gentleman on his travels called his servant to the side of the post-chaise. Tom, says he, here is a guinea, which is too light, and I can get nobody to take it, do you see and part with it some how or other on the road. Yes, Sir, says the footman, I will endeavour.—When they came to their inn at night, the gentleman called to

his servant to know if he had passed off the guinea? Yes, Sir, says the man, I did it sily.—Aye! Tom, says the master, I fancy thou art a fly sort of a fellow; but tell me how? Why, Sir, says the footman, the people refused it at breakfast, and so they did where your honour dined; but as I had a groat to pay at the turnpike, *I whipped it in between the halfpence*, and the man put it in his pocket, and never saw it.

A young gentleman having got his neighbour's maid with child, the master, a grave man, came to expostulate with him about it. Sir, said he, I wonder you could do so? Prithee where is the wonder, says the other, *if she had got me with child*, you might have wondered indeed.

A highlander who sold brooms, went into a barber's shop in Glasgow to get shaved. The barber bought one of his brooms, and after he had shaved him, asked the price. Two-pence, said the Highlander. 'No, no,' said the barber, I'll give you a penny; if that does not satisfy you, take your broom again, and we'll not make a bargain. The highlander took it, and asked what he had to pay.' A penny, says Strap. 'No, by my faith,' says Duncan, I'll give you a halfpenny, if that does not satisfy you, *put on my beard as it was before*, and we'll not make a bargain.'

A certain candidate for a borough some years ago, had among his committee of friends, one man who was remarkably ugly. When, after the election, the successful candidate was expressing his gratitude to them, he begged in particular to thank 'that gentleman for the very remarkable countenance he had shewn during the whole business.

A gentleman had lately occasion to call on an acquaintance, and enquiring of an Irish servant if his master was
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at home, was told that he was not. 'When will he return?' said the gentleman. 'By J—s said Teague, when my master gives orders to say that he is not at home, it is impossible to say when he will return.'

The Queen Christiana, passing by a village in France, was harangued by a Consul, who was a Calvinist; he was eloquent, and she hearkened to him with attention and pleasure: but sir, said she to the Consul, you have neither spoken of my *abdication*, nor of my *conversion to the Catholic Faith*. 'Madam, replied he, I undertook to pronounce your *eulogium*, not to give your *history*.'

At a late assizes, when the judge had with every due solemnity passed sentence of death on five criminals, who have since been executed, one of them, as soon as the judge had concluded, said, with great *sang froid*, 'Please you my lord, I had rather serve his majesty.'

Jonathan Durrant, who was tried at Norfolk, for privately stealing a *bridle* from the shop of a saddler, through the humanity of the jury, escaped the consequences of a capital conviction by their bringing in a verdict *guilty of stealing only*: upon which, he immediately turned round and thanked them for their lenity, at the same time archly adding, I assure you, gentlemen, I had no use for the *bridle*, I only meant to touch the *bit*, but I now find I had very nearly got a *halter*.

The late Lord Lyttleton, hearing that G——, a noted sharper, had married Miss V——, who was an idiot, and daughter of his particular friend—the first time he met the lady's father, being at a loss how to congratulate him upon so extraordinary an event and alliance, at last exclaimed, 'By G—d, V——, your grand-children will be *prodigies*.' Why so, said Mr. V——. 'Because, replied his lordship, your daughter's a *fool*, and her husband's

band's a *rogue*; and at school I was taught to believe, that *two negatives make an affirmative.*'

When the polling the sextons in Cornwall began, a bye stander observed, that he had not seen the election wear so *grave* an aspect before.

The sextons, when riding up to poll at the election for Cornwall, as they came to the hustings, cried out, *Free-man for ever*; at which the parish clerks said, *Amen.*

A wag, the other night, at Astley's, in the gallery, cried out most voraciously to the grimacer, 'Roast beef! Roast beef!' &c. The grimacer at that time was representing the clergy in France, *before* and *since* the revolution;—the former character he conceived would please the demandant, and the cry of 'Roast beef' being continued, he immediately swelled out his chest and his cheeks in a most unaccountable manner, and clapping his handkerchief under his chin, replied, '*voila* Roast beef,' which so pleased the fellow, that he still kept interrupting the company, until the Grimacer by a turn of his hat, formed it into two horns, and addressed himself to the man in an attitude of surprise, which struck the fellow so much, that he cried out, the Grimacer must be a devil, for that he thought nobody knew except himself that his wife had ever made him *the figure he represented.*

On the report of a Spanish war, the disabled old *sailor*, who regularly solicits charity in St. Paul's Church-yard, addressed a naval officer lately in his usual whimsical terms; and being desired to say what would make him completely happy, he replied, 'God bless your honour, if you'll give me a *crown*, you'll make me a king; if but *half* a one, I shall be possessed of more than, I hope, the *Monarch of Spain* will soon have to boast of.'

At the late Lancaster election, a butcher, who was marching in a tally, preceded by a band of music to exercise his privilege (in all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious contest) was gently touched on the shoulder by the rod of the sheriff's officer, for twelve guineas, which sum he was indebted to a farmer, for fat ~~sleep~~. With the virtue of a conjurer's wand, it instantly changed the scene, and operated so forcibly, as to oblige the *free-burgess* to make a transfer of some *newly acquired* property into the officer's pocket, and to vote contrary to his inclination and promise. One of the counsel observed, 'This was great generalship; the butcher *fleeced* the farmer, and the farmer *skinned* the butcher alive.'

Monfieur le Prince was one day in his coach with a very tiresome fellow, who teased him with stupifying stories:—'Sir, said he to him, either *do not put me to sleep, or let me sleep quietly.*'

An Irish gentleman was arrested and confined some weeks, for a debt due by his brother. He brought his action for false imprisonment, when there appeared precisely as many witnesses to prove the identity of his person, as there were to his being no other than *himself*.—The judge was astonished, and the jury, for once, at a loss for a verdict; when lo!—the brother appeared, the glorious uncertainty of the law vanished, and the defendant paid dearly for the explanation of—*Fronti nulla fides.*

A gentleman having some company to dinner, one of them cried out, Lord bless me, I have forgot my laced waistcoat! The master of the house told him there was no need of any apology, for he was very well dressed—You mistake me, replied the guest, I do not mean a gold laced waistcoat, but my waistcoat with a lace behind.

Counsellor Dunning, who had got a trick of hemming several times in the course of his speech, once upon a trial concerning a broken-winded horse, told a coachman that he did not know what broken-winded was. Yes, but I do, says the man, for he cries a *hem, hem*, just as you do.

A person who had rendered himself obnoxious in trade was told of some of his tracks by a merchant on 'Change ; and being a little nettled at his reproaches, said, What, Sir, do you call me a rogue? No, I do not call you rogue, said the merchant, but I will give you ten guineas, if you find any one here, who will say *you are an honest man*.

An arch barber at a certain borough in the West, where there are but few electors, had art enough to suspend his promise till the voters, by means of bribery, (the old balsam) were so divided, that the casting vote lay in himself. One of the candidates, who was sensible of it, came into his little dirty shop to be shaved, and when the operation was finished, threw into the basin twenty guineas. The next day came the other candidate, who was shaved also, and left thirty. Some hours after this, the first returned to solicit the barber's vote, who told him very coldly, that he could not promise. Not promise! says the gentleman, why I thought I had been shaved here? It is true, says the barber, you was, but *another gentleman* has been trimmed since that : however, if you please, *I will trim you again, and then I will tell you my mind*.

An officer in the English service going on the expedition against the Americans at Bunker's-hill, gave orders to his taylor to make him a suit of cloaths, and to put within-side the lining of his waistcoat, *a plate of bras*, as a shield from the enemy ; which the taylor, through a lucky mistake, placed in the inside of the lining of the breeches ;

breeches ; the officer being directly after led on to battle, a precipitate retreat immediately ensued, and being closely pursued by the enemy, endeavoured to make his escape by jumping over a hedge, which one of the enemy perceiving, thrust the bayonet in his tail, as he thought, and pushed him over. The enemy then left him. When he got safe to camp, he could not but extol the taylor's conduct, *who knew where his heart lay* better than himself.

An honest Jack Tar being at a Quaker's meeting, heard the friend that was holding forth, speak with great emotion against the ill consequence of giving the lie in conversation, and therefore, he advised, when a man was telling a tale, that was not consistent with truth or probability, to cry *twang*, which would not irritate the person as the lie would. After digressing into the story of the great miracle of five thousand being fed with five loaves of bread, &c. he told them that they were not such loaves as are used now, but were as big as a mountain ; on the hearing of which, the tar uttered with a loud voice, *twang* ; What, says the Quaker, dost thou think I lie, friend ? No, says Jack, but I am thinking *how big the ovens were* that baked them.

A certain nobleman who used to dangle after Miss Yonge, and one night being behind the scenes, standing with his arms folded in the posture of a desponding lover, asked her with a sigh, what was a cure for love ? *Your Lordship*, she answered, *is the best cure in the world.*

A worthy old gentleman in the country having employed an attorney, of whom he had a pretty good opinion, to do some law business for him in London, he was greatly surprised on his coming to town, and demanding his bill of law charges, to find that it amounted to at least three times the sum he expected ; the honest attorney assured him, that there was no article in his bill but what was fair and reasonable. Nay, said the country

try gentleman, there's one of them I am sure cannot be so, for you have set down three shillings and four-pence for going to Southwark, when none of my business lay that way: pray what is the meaning of that, sir,? Oh! Sir, said he, that was for fetching the turkey and chine from the carrier's *that you sent me* for a present out of the country.

The emperor of Germany some time since travelling before his retinue, as is his usual way, attended only by a single Aid-de-camp, arrived very late at the house of an Englishman, who kept a public house some where in the Austrian Netherlands. The man having his house pretty full, it being fair time, and not knowing who his guests were, appointed them to sleep in an outhouse, which he very readily complied with, after drinking a bottle of indifferent wine, and eating a few slices of ham and biscuit. In the morning they paid their bill, which amounted only to three shillings and six-pence English, and rode off. A few hours after, several of his suit came to enquire after him, when the publican understanding whom he had for his guest, seemed very uneasy. Psha! man, never mind this affair said one of his attendants, Joseph is used to such adventures; he will think no more on it. Aye, that may be, replied the landlord, but by G—d I shall never forget the circumstance of having an emperor in my house, and letting him off for *three and six-pence*.

Counsellor Garrow, of scrutiny memory, soliciting a place in a public line, was offered the post of Solicitor-General to one of the ceded islands, but finding that the profits and emoluments were nothing, and only an honorary post, replied. Why, if I accept that office, instead of being Solicitor General, I must be *General Solicitor*, and *beg my way* to the place.

At

At Hampstead Assembly, some years since, an Irish gentleman, who danced with great spirit, though not perhaps with all the grace of a *Vestris*, was observed by a maccaroni, in the same country dance, who immediately began mimicking him in the most extravagant manner. The Irishman took no notice for some time, but seeing himself the general object of laughter, he came very deliberately up to the mimic, and asked, Why he presumed to take him off! Me, sir, says the other, you mistake the matter, *it is my natural way of dancing*. Is it, said the Hibernian, seemingly accepting the excuse, well, to be sure, nobody can help what is natural; but hark ye, my friend, be sure you continue in that *natural* step all night; for by G—d, if you once attempt to make it *artificial*, I will break every bone in your skin—The poor maccaroni was obliged to subscribe to the sentence, to the no small amusement, as well as satisfaction of the whole company.

As a poor man was passing through Smithfield, who could hardly walk, he was stopped by a young man, who jeeringly offered to carry him. No, replied the old man, I shall buy an *afs* to-morrow.

Soon after the appearance of Garrick, at Drury-lane theatre; when he, by his astonishing powers, brought a great number to the Theatre, and Mr. Rich was playing his pantomimes at Covent-Garden to empty benches; the two gentlemen, Mr. Garrick and Mr. Rich, met one evening at the Bedford Coffee-house; they fell into conversation, when Mr. Garrick asked the Covent-Garden manager, How much his house would hold when crowded with company?—Why, master, replies Mr. Rich, in as elegant a compliment as ever was given, I cannot tell, but if you will come and play *Richard* for one night, I shall be able to give an account.

A Lady wished a young married man joy, for she heard his wife was *quick* already. Ay, said he, quick indeed,

for I have been married but six months, and she was brought to bed yesterday.

A few years since Mr. Stevens, who was for many years grave-digger, at St. James's Church, being on an examination in the court of King's Bench, in a parish suit, Lord Mansfield demanded of him, previous to other questions, his name and profession? Why, and please your honour, said he, my name is Will Stevens, and I am a *grave-digger* at your worship's service.

A gentleman having sent a porter on a message which he executed much to his satisfaction, had the curiosity to ask his name, being informed it was Russel. Pray, says the gentleman, is your coat of arms the same as the Duke of Bedford's? As to our arms, your honour, says the porter, I believe they are pretty much alike; but there is a d—n'd deal of difference between our *coats*.

A physician went lately to see a sick patient, and was told by the servant that she had just expired. Your lady may be apparently dead, said the doctor, yet not actually so. He alighted from his carriage, and went up stairs, where he found his patient actually dead, with the customary fee in the palm of her hand, and taking it. I see, said the Doctor, with much seriousness, 'the poor lady expected me; *God rest her soul*.'

A gentleman at the West end of the town dining at his own house with a friend, on some cold roast mutton, his servant accosted him in the following manner. Please, sir, to order the cook to hash the mutton for our dinner, for I cannot eat cold meat. His master bid him not be impertinent before company, and he should take another opportunity of speaking to him: however, the man persisted in his request, the gentleman turned him out of the room. The next morning the master called him before him, and told him to provide himself with a place. Do you really mean

mean I should leave you then ? said the man. Certainly ! replied the gentleman. I'll expose you then (quoth the servant) to the whole neighbourhood, how you use us ; 'a man may make a shift to eat cold meat when out of place, says the fellow, - but I am (determined *my master*, whoever he be, shall always provide me with hot dinners.

A gentleman amusing himself in the gallery of the *Pallais*, a place in Paris, somewhat like what our exchanges formerly were, observed, while he was carelessly looking over some pamphlets at a bookfeller's there, a suspicious fellow stood rather too near him : the gentleman was dressed, according to the fashion of those times, in a coat with a prodigious number of silver tags and tassels ; upon which the thief (for such he was) began to have a design ; and the gentleman not willing to disappoint him, turned his head another way, on purpose to give him an opportunity : the thief immediately set to work, and, in a trice, twisted off seven or eight of the silver tags ; the gentleman immediately perceived it, and sily drawing out of his pocket a penknife, which cut like a razor, caught the fellow by the ear, and cut it off close to his head. Murder ! Murder ! cries the thief ; Robbery ! Robbery ! cries the gentleman, upon this the thief, in a passion, throwing them at the gentleman. There are your *tags* and *buttons* ? Very well, said the gentleman, (throwing it back in the like manner,) there is *your ear*.

Old Taswell, the comedian, having a dispute in the green-room with Mrs. Clive, the actress, Madam, says he, I have heard of *tartars* and *brimstones*, but by G—d, you are the *cream* of the one, and the *flower* of the other.

A fellow who had picked up a few scraps of the French tongue, and was entirely ignorant of the Latin, accosted a gentleman, in French, with *Quelle heure est il Monsieur* ? What is it o'clock, Sir ? To which the gentleman answered,

swered, in Latin, *Nescio*, I don't know. Damn it said the fellow, 'I did not think it was near so late;' and ran off as if he had something of consequence to do.

Lord Mansfield being willing to save a man that had stole a watch, desired the jury to value it at ten-pence; upon which the prosecutor cries out, Ten-pence! my lord: why the very fashion of it cost me five pounds.—Oh! says his lordship, we must not hang a man for *fashion's sake*.

A Scotch Member of Parliament, of great wit and humour, coming to the Marquis of Rockingham's one morning, at the time of the great opposition between him and Lord North, told his lordship that he had some very bad news to acquaint him with. What's the matter? quoth the Marquis. By my troth, quoth he, what I hae to tell ye is very bawd on our feed. Prithee, said the Marquis, do not keep me any longer in suspense; what is it? Don't your lordship ken that Sawney Wedderburn is bought over? That is impossible, says the Marquis, for a stauncher man does not live than honest Sawney; but what makes you think so? Why, and please your lordship, I saw the other morning, *a five hundred pound bank note in his hand*; and I am sure Sawney never brought that out of his own country.

At the Grosvenor trial in Westminster-hall, a witness being produced that had an enameled nose; counsellor Dunning thinking to daunt him, said, Now you are sworn, what can you say with your copper nose? Why, by the oath I have sworn, *I would not change my copper nose, for your brazen face*.

A fellow hearing the drums beating up for volunteers in France, in the expedition against the Dutch, imagined himself valiant enough, and thereupon lifted himself, so returning again, he was asked by his friends, what exploits

plots he had done there? he said, that he had cut off one of the enemy's legs; and being told that it had been more honourable and manly to have cut off his head: Oh! said he, you must know that *his head was cut off before.*

A French courtier, who was a little suspected of imbecility, one day meeting the poet Berenford, who had often jeered him, Sir, said he, for all your silly jests, my wife was brought to bed of a boy two days ago.—Faith, replied Berenford, I never questioned *your wife's abilities.*

When Lieutenant O'Brian, who was afterwards called Sky-Rocket Jack, was blown up at Spithead, in the Edgar, and was saved on the carriage of a gun; and when brought to the Admiral, all black and wet, he said, with much pleasantry, I hope, sir, you will excuse my dirty appearance, *for I came out of the ship in such a hurry, that I had not time to shift myself.*

In the late war, a sailor and two of his shipmates wanted to go from Portsmouth to Petersfield; when one staying behind, desired the other two to proceed on foot, while he went and hired a horse. When he came to the livery stables, the ostler brought him out a short-backed, light galloway, about fourteen hands high. Zounds, says Jack, this will not do for me? he is too short in the back. Oh, Sir, replies the ostler, he is the better for that. D—n him, he will not do, I tell you; get me a horse with a *longer back*, for I have two more to take up at the turnpike.

Quin used annually to come to London, to play for Ryan's benefit. He had performed, the season before, the part of Falstaff for the benefit of his old acquaintance Mr. Ryan. This testimony of regard had the desired effect: and the actor profited greatly by the exhibition. His success upon this occasion, induced Ryan to solicit
the

the same favour next year. The application produced an answer from Quin, which whilst it is in the true laconic stile, is rich in meaning: I shall therefore give it verbatim.

I would *play* for you if I could; but will not *whistle* for you. I have willed you a thousand pounds. If you want money you may have it, and save my executors trouble.

James Quin.

The Baron des Aldrets, one of the generals of the Catholics, took during the wars, a castle belonging to the Protestants, and condemned all the soldiers that had defended it, to leap out at a window of that castle. One of them advanced twice to the brink of the precipice, and still shrunk back. Whereupon the Baron said, Come, take your leap, without any more a-do; for I'll make you suffer greater torments, if you go back a third time. Sir, answered the soldier, since you take the thing to be so easy, *I'll lay any sum you don't do it in four times.*—Which so pleased the Baron, that as cruel as he was, he pardoned the soldier, upon account of this repartee.

Dr. South being one morning visiting a gentleman, he was asked to stay dinner; which he accepting of, the gentleman stepped into the next room, and told his wife he had invited the doctor to dinner, and desired her to provide something extraordinary. Hereupon she began to murmur and scold, and make a thousand words, till at last her husband, being very much provoked at her behaviour, protested, that if it was not for the *stranger* in the next room, he would kick her out of doors. Upon which the doctor, who had heard all that had passed, immediately stepped out, crying, 'I beg, Sir, you will make *no stranger* of me.'

One

One Mr. *Ash*, who was himself a famous punster in Ireland, coming into an inn, desired the landlord to lend him a hand to pull off his great coat: Indeed, Sir, said he, I dare not. Dare not, replied the other, what do you mean by that? You know, Sir, answered he, there is an act of parliament *against stripping of Ash*.

King Charles the second, after the Restoration, told Waller the poet, that he had made better verses, and said finer things of Cromwell than of him. That may very well be, replied Waller, for poets generally succeed better in *imaginary things than in real ones*.

Upon the death of the famous Moliere, a poet waiting with his epitaph upon the Prince of Conde, the prince told him he should have been much better pleased, if Moliere had brought him his.

Two gentlemen standing together, as a young lady passed by them, said one, there goes the handsomest woman I ever saw. She hearing him; turned back, and seeing him very ugly, said, I wish I could in return, say as much of you, so you may, madam, said he, *and lie as I do*.

A few months since, a waterman, who for years had plied upon the Thames, became by the death of an uncle, at Deptford, (who had made a fortune by the laudable dealing in seamens wills and powets), heir to a very desirable estate, both real and personal, by the testator, without mentioning his name, singly recording, I leave all my wealth to my heir at law. When he came into possession, he invited the other poor relations of the deceased, whose hopes of their relation's dying without a will, had thus been baulked of a family dinner, and after it was over, divided among them effects to the value of 7000*l*. reserving for himself about 2000*l*. and an estate of about 160*l*. a year, on which he has retired to a village near
Grave-

Gravesend, where he lives an ornament to human nature, often amusing himself on his old element, and frequently rowing passengers to town, but never *gratis*, because that would deprive his old companions of bread.

When Alderman Prampton, who acquired an immense fortune in the business of a bookseller, first began trade in Dublin; the few volumes he had collected were insufficient to fill his shop, but knowing how much the world is led by appearances, he had recourse to a whimsical expedient, which fully answered his purpose; in a few days his shelves appeared completely covered, but as he afterwards confessed to a friend, it was done thus: *Locke on Education*, consisted of a couple of bricks neatly covered and labelled; *Theobald's Edition of Shakspeare*, was made up of some square boxes of bran, which his wife had collected for domestic uses. *Hill's* voluminous works, were neatly made up of wood; and *The Sure Guide to Salvation*, was labelled on his square tobacco box. These substitutes, as his finances flourished, were exchanged for the volumes they represented, but in many instances he used sarcastically to observe the change was not much for the better.

A military captain, who lived by his wits, visiting a friend in the Tower, about dinner time, his friend being absent, in his walk, he saw divers dishes of meat, and bottles of wine, carried up to a lord's lodging, and immediately after followed the guests, among which the captain puts in with the rest, and sits down to dinner, where he eat and drank freely; but often the Lord had an eye upon this stranger, and seeing him very familiar, after dinner he enquired of his guests, whose relation he was? Which the captain hearing, boldly salutes him in these words, My lord, do you not know me? No, indeed, sir, said the lord. Quoth the captain, sure you do, my lord, for you and I have been in all the prisons in England. How, said the Lord, I never was in any but

but this of the Tower in my life. True, my lord, answered the captain, *and I have been in all the rest.* At which jest the lord and his company laughed heartily, and told him he was welcome.

Mr. Glover, the late dancing master of the royal family, being in company with Picard the fencing master, and the conversation turning upon their different professions, each master supported the superiority of his talent over that of the other. At length words arose very high, and it was agreed to determine the dispute by arms, next morning, in Hyde-park. The combatants met. When Picard drew his sword, Glover drew his kit, and began to play a minuet, saying, Why don't you dance? Picard was very angry, exclaiming, He did not understand being trifled with. No, said Glover, I do not trifle with you, 'This proves the superiority of my profession, as you can do nothing without an opponent, whereas I can amuse without the assistance of any.

Lord Granby, who had long wished to be in company with Quin; one morning perceiving from the Star and Garter, at Richmond, that celebrated epicure, coming slowly up the hill in a one horse chaise, dispatched a friend to entreat the favour of his company to partake of a turtle, weighing 130 pounds, which was that day for dinner. Quin, with his usual pomposity of manners, observed, he could produce two exquisite reasons for declining his lordship's invitation, and immediately undoing the flap of his chaise, discovered a fine *chicken turtle*, and a *haunch of venison* at his feet, both of which he pledged his honour to a particular friend, should be on the table at four o'clock precisely.

Such is the force of female curiosity, that lady Wallace, who is never at a loss for an answer, one day affected to be wanting on that point: Pray, sir, said her Ladyship to a country gentleman, I am often asked what
age

age I am, what answer should I make? the gentleman immediately guessing her ladyship's meaning; said, madam, when you are asked that question again, answer, that you are not yet come to years of *discretion*.

When Charles F—— was vehemently teased for money, by some Hebrew Creditors, he told them, he would discharge the incumbrance as soon as possible.

'But Mr. F——, name the *daysh*?

'The day of Judgment——

'Oh *Milhter* F——, that will be too *bishy* a day for us.

'Right, Moses, so we will make it the day after!'

The late Lord Rofs engaged an apothecary, in Oxford-street, to attend three of his servants who were dangerously ill, and went to Ireland without discharging the account—In about two years after this event, he returned to London, and was traced by the apothecary, who knew his carriage, and stopt him in Bond-street—Lord Rofs enquired for the bill, which the understrapper of Esculapius presented in at the window with a receipt—The sum total was sixteen pounds ten shillings and six-pence, which he thinking an exorbitant charge, pulled out his purse, gave the pharmacopolist half-a-guinea, and then ordered his coachman to drive on; but not before the enraged apothecary had surveyed the limited recompence with surprise, and exclaimed, in the hearing of a mob, Ah, you Irish bite, I have got *six and three-pence* by you now.

When Lord Chesterfield was dying, Sir Thomas Robinson paid him a visit of condolence, and said rather bluntly, 'I am sorry, my Lord, to perceive that you are dying *by inches*.'—'Oh, don't be sorry about the matter, replied the dying peer) but thank God, that I am not *so* tall as you by a *foot*.'

An Irish fellow, vaunting of his birth and family, affirmed, that when he came first to England, he made such a figure, that the bells rang through all the towns he passed to London. Ay, says a gentleman in company, I suppose that was because you came up in a waggon with a bell team.

One meeting an old acquaintance whom the world had frowned upon a little, asked him where he lived? Where I live, said he, I do not know; but I *starve* towards wapping and that way.

Two country attornies overtaking a waggoner on the road, and thinking to break a joke upon him, asked him, Why his fore horse was so fat and the rest so lean? The waggoner knowing them to be limbs of the law, answered them, that his fore horse was a *lawyer* and the rest were his *clients*.

The Count de Soysons was seated at play one evening, when happening to cast an eye up at a looking-glass that was before him in the apartment, he saw a man at the back of his chair, whose physiognomy predicted nothing in its owner's favour, and gave the count suspicion.—He had reason for his mistrust; for he had not far long before he felt the diamond loop of his hat cut away.—He took no notice, but pretended a necessity to go down stairs, and desired the thief to play his cards in the mean time, which he could not refuse. The count immediately descended into the kitchen, and got a large carving knife; then going softly behind the fellow, dextrously took him by the ear, and cut it off; then holding it out to him, said, Return me my *diamond loop*, sir, and I will return your *ear*.

A party amusing themselves one night at the Dukes de Maine's with finding ingenious differences between any two given subjects. *What is the difference between*
J. M. D *twice*

tween me and a watch? said the duchess to the Cardinal de Polignac, who was present—*A very material one, madame,* said the cardinal; *when we look on a watch we remember the flight of time, but when we look on your grace we forget it.*

A Gascon soldier's comrade asked him what made him tremble so as they were marching to the attack. *My body,* replied he, *trembles to think on the dangers to which it knows it will soon be exposed by the bravery of my soul.*

Mr. Fox, on his late canvass, having accosted a tradesman, whom he solicited for his vote: the blunt elector replied—*'I cannot give you my support; I admire your abilities, but d—n your principles!'* Mr. Fox instantly retorted—*My friend, I applaud your sincerity but d—n your manners.*

Diogenes, the Cynic philosopher, seeing the son of a common woman throw stones among a croud of people, *Take care young man,* said he, *that you do not hit your father.*

The Emperor Sigismund was reproached for rewarding instead of destroying his enemies, and by that means gave them the power again to injure him. *What,* said the noble-minded monarch, *do not I destroy mine enemies when I make them my friends?*

A Lacedemonian was fallen under his enemy in the field of battle, and saw the sword lifted to pierce him in the back.—*Strike me in the breast,* said he, turning briskly about, *that my friends may not blush for me after my death.*

A person waiting for another, lay down under a tree near which a malefactor was hanging in gibbets and fell into a slumber. As it happened, two of the malefactor's old comrades were passing that way, and one of them being in a frolicksome humour, called the dead man by his
name

name and asked if he would not come down and take a walk with them this evening. The dozing person thinking it was his companion that called, replied, *Yes, I am coming.* and immediately rose to join them; the thieves, conscious of guilt, and struck with a panic, thought the dead man had really descended from the gibbet, and took to their heels with the speed of greyhounds.

A gentleman happened to have high words with a butcher in St. James's Market, was at last so provoked that he raised his cane, and threatened to give him a good dressing—*No, master,* says his antagonist, *it shall only be lent, and I will take care it shall be repaid with interest.*

A gentleman threatening to give a poor fellow a good dressing,—the man replied, *I am very much obliged to your honour; but as you are a gentleman, you ought to be the best dressed; and, if you please, I will undertake you shall be so.*

A young fellow was extolling a lady's beauty very highly, and one of his companions allowed she had beauty, but that she had a bad set of teeth. *Very true,* but *she is a fine woman in spite of her teeth.*

A French clergyman whose parishioners had many of them not made the most honourable exit out of this bad world, insisted when he was baptizing one of their children, to be paid the nuptial and burial fees, as well as those of baptism; and when the parents asked the reason of this extraordinary demand, he replied, *Because I know as soon as he is grown up, he will cheat me of my dues, by going to Paris to be hanged.*

Henry Stevens relates an anecdote of a dawfish man who had espoused such a gigantic woman, that he was obliged to clime upon the table if he wanted to kiss her. This woman, says our author, when her husband was vexed, or out of humour, would look down as if from a two

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pair of stairs window, and ask who it was that kept grumbling there below.

A tatling fellow came and told a person of whom he had very little knowledge, a secret of the utmost consequence to himself, begging for God's sake that the other would not tell it again. *Never fear*, said the person, *I shall at least be as discreet as yourself.*

The celebrated Malherbe dined one day with the archbishop of Rouen, who was famous for being a tedious dull preacher. Dinner was scarcely over before Malherbe fell asleep; but was awaked by the prelate, and invited to go and hear him preach. *I beseech your Grace*, said Malherbe, *to excuse me; I can sleep exceedingly well where I am.*

A certain auctioneer's coach happened a few years ago, to prevent some noblemen's carriages from drawing up after the play, Lord——desired the coachman to drive off; at the same time calling to the owner, Mr. Auctioneer *your coach is going! a going! It's gone!* to the great mortification of the auctioneer, and the mirth of every one present.

Two Irish labourers being at the execution of the malefactors on the new scaffold before Newgate, one says to the other—*arra! Pat, now!* but is there any difference between being hanged here and being hanged in chains!—*No honey!* replied he, *no great difference; only one hangs about an hour, and the other hangs all the days of his life.*

A Dean of Canterbury, remarkable for holding a great number of church-preferments, travelling slowly in his chariot to that city, was overtaken by a poor parson who had somehow procured the loan of a good horse. The parson *en passant*, bowed most respectfully to the dean? who desiring him to stop, begged he would call at the
Mermaid

Mermaid at Rochester, and order him a dinner, to be ready at a certain hour. The parson accordingly called on the host, told him he would be honoured with a visit at such a time, and must provide a good dinner. *Fir how many, and please you honour?* says Boniface. *Why,* replies the parson, *I can't well say how many persons the whole company will consist of, for I only saw the Dean of Canterbury, the Cannon of Winchester, the Provost of Litchfield, the Rector of Orpington, the Vicar of Romney, and one of the King's chaplains.* The parson than proceeded to his own home, which was within a few miles; and the landlord began to make ample provision for the numerous guests he expected to entertain. Accordingly, when the Dean arrived a large table was set out, and the cloth laid, *How's this,* cries his reverence *you have shewn me the wrong room; this surely is intended for a large company.* — And please your honour replied the landlord, *Parson Single church called about an hour and a half ago, and told me I must provide for your honour, and the Cannon of Winchester, and the Provost of Litchfield, and the Rector of Orpington, and one of the King's chaplains too, and I don't know how many more; and so I thought, and please your honour, I'd got enough.* — Oh, very well, coolly answered the dean, who now recollected himself, *I ought to have asked Mr. Singlechurch to have staid and dined with me.*

A plain country yeoman bringing his daughter to town, said, for all she was brought up altogether in the country, she was a girl of sense. Yes, says a pretty young female in company, *Country sense.* Why faith, madam, says the fellow, *country sense is better sometimes than London impudence.*

A gentleman in king Charles the II'd's time, who had paid a tedious attendance at court for a place, and had a thousand promises, at length resolved to see the king himself; so getting himself introduced, he told his Majesty what pretensions he had to his favour, and boldly

asked him for the place just then vacant. The king hearing his story, told him he had just given the place away. Upon which the gentleman made a very low obeisance to the king, and thanked him extremely; which he repeated often. The king observing how over thankful he was, called him again, and asked the reason, why he gave him such extraordinary thanks, when he had denied him his suit: The rather and please your majesty, replied the gentleman, than if you gave me a thousand put-offs; but your majesty has fav'd me all that trouble, and generously given me my answer at once. *God's fish, said the king, thou shalt have the place for thy downright honesty.*

A merry drolling fellow, who lived with a lady that was just on the point of matrimony, being sent with a how d'ye to an acquaintance of her's, who lived a few miles off, was asked how his lady did; Ah, dear madam, replied the fellow, *she can never live long in this condition.*

A person advising a lady in town to marry a country gentleman; to recommend the match in the stronger termes, told her it would be more convenient for her, because his concerns in the country joined to her's. Ay, says the lady, *but his concerns shall never join to mine in the city.*

A lady observing in company how glorious and useful a body the sun was—The sun to be sure says an Irish gentleman present, is a very fine body, but in my opinion, the moon is much more useful: for the moon affords us *light in the night-time when we really want it*, whereas we have the sun with us only in the day time, when we have no occasion for it.

A miser, having lost an hundred pounds, promised ten pounds reward to any one that would bring it him. An honest poor man, who found it, brought it to the old gentleman, demanding the ten pounds. But the miser,

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to baffle him, alledged there were a hundred and ten pounds in the bag when lost. The poor man however, was advised to sue for the money; and when the cause came on to be tried, it appeared that the seal had not been broken nor the bag ripped, the judge said to the defendant's counsel—The bag you lost had an hundred and ten pounds in it, you say. Yes, my lord, says he. Then replied the judge, according to the evidence given in court it cannot be your money; *for here are only an hundred pounds: therefore the plaintiff must keep it till the true owner appears.*

A late chancellor of the Exchequer, who lived in the house at present occupied by Mr. Pitt, and which belongs to that office, on quitting it after his dismission, protested he would never again live in a *house of office*.

A booby of a country squire, who made an *honest woman* of his father's chambermaid bolted into the room when she was in labour, and blubbering over her with great tenderness, sobbed out, that he was sorry she felt so much pain on his account. ~Don't make thyself uneasy, love, said the wife, I can't bear to see thee fret, for I am sure it was *not thy fault*.

The Marquis de la Scallas, an Italian nobleman, having invited the neighbouring gentry to a grand entertainment, where all the delicacies of the season were provided; some of the company arrived very early, for the purpose of paying their respects to his Excellency.—Soon after which the Major-Domo entered the dining-room in a great hurry, and told the Marquis that there was a most wonderful fisherman below, who had brought one of the finest fish in all Italy; for which, however, he demanded a most extravagant price. Regard not the price! cried the Marquis; pay the money directly. So I would, please your highness, but he refuses to take any money.—What then would the fellow have? An hundred strokes of the strappado on his bare shoulders, my lord; he says he

will not bate a single blow. On this the whole company ran down stairs to see so singular a man.—A fine fish! cried the Marquis; what is your demand, my friend? Not a quatrini, my lord, answered the fisherman; I will not take money.—If your lordship wishes to have the fish, you must order me an *hundred lashes of the strappado on my naked back*; otherwise I shall apply elsewhere.—Rather than lose the fish, said the Marquis, we must e'en let this fellow have his humour.—Here, cried he, to one of his grooms, discharge this honest man's demands; but don't lay on too hard; don't hurt the poor devil very much.—The fisherman then stripped, and the groom prepared to execute his lordship's orders.—Now, my friend, said the fisherman, keep an exact account I beseech you; for I don't desire a single stroke more than my due. The Whole company were astonished at the amazing fortitude with which the man submitted to the operation, till he had received the fiftieth lash; when addressing himself to the servant—Hold, my friend, cried the fisherman; I have now had my full share of the price.—*Your share!* exclaimed the Marquis; what is the meaning of all this? My lord, returned the fisherman, I have a partner, to whom my honour is engaged, that he shall have full half of whatever I receive for the fish; and your lordship, I dare venture to say, will by and bye own that it would be a thousand pities to defraud him of a single stroke.—And pray, my honest friend, said the Marquis, who is this partner? Your porter, my lord, answered the fisherman, who keeps the outer gate, and refused to admit me unless I would promise him *half what I should obtain for the fish*. Ho, ho! exclaimed the Marquis, laughing very heartily, by the blessing of heaven he shall have double his demand in full tale. The porter was accordingly sent for, and being stripped to the skin, two grooms were directed to lay on with all their might, till he had fairly received what he was so well entitled to. The Marquis then ordered his steward to pay the fisherman twenty sequins, desiring him to call annually for the like

like sum, as a recompence for the friendly service he had done him.

As the late Mr. Rich, whose abilities as a harlequin are universally known, was returning home from the play-house in a hackney coach, he ordered the coachman to drive him to the Sun, then a famous tavern in Clare-Market. Just as the coach passed one of the windows of the tavern, Rich, who perceived it to be open, dexterously threw himself out at the coach window into the room. The coachman, who saw nothing of this transaction, descended from his box, opened the coach door, and let down the step; then taking off his hat, he waited for some time, expecting his fare to alight; but at length looking into the coach, and seeing it empty, he bestowed a few hearty curses on the rascal who had bilked him, remounted his box, turned about, and was returning to the stand, when Rich, who had watched his opportunity, threw himself into the coach, looked out, asked the fellow where the devil he was driving, and desired him to turn about. The coachman, almost petrified with fear, instantly obeyed, and once more drew up to the door of the tavern. Rich now got out; and after reproaching the fellow with stupidity, tendered him his money.—No, God bless your honour, said the coachman, my master has ordered me to take no money to night.—Pshaw, said Rich, your master's a fool; here's a shilling for yourself. No, no, said the coachman, who by that time had remounted his box, that won't do. *I know you too well, for all your shoes: and so, Mr. Devil, for once you are out-witted.*

The late Lady Tyrawly, who was very short-sighted, being on a christening visit, her ladyship waited below stairs a considerable time with much impatience to see the child, which was to be brought down to her. The footman, in the mean time, entered the apartment with a coal scuttle; who approaching the fire, near which her ladyship was seated, she immediately rose, and being

extremely desirous of complimenting the family, with a thousand common-place observations on the bantling, run on in the following manner, with great volubility.—La! it is the sweetest creature I ever beheld! my lord duke's *nose*, my lady duchess's *mouth*; my dear nurse, this is an universal joy; *for sure no mother ever had so sweet a creature!* The company stared; and her ladyship, who did not discover her error, called for her chair, congratulated herself on having paid her visit, and returned home full of the praises of his Grace's dear delightful baby.

A Master of Arts being reduced to extreme poverty begged some relief of a locksmith, who was at work in his shop. The smith asked him why he had not learned some art, to get his living by, rather than thus to go about begging. Alas! replied the scholar, I am a master of *seven*. Of *seven*! replied the locksmith; they must be sorry ones indeed, then, since they are not all able to keep you; for my part, I have only *one*, as you see, which maintains *seven* of us; myself, my wife, and *five* children.

At the beginning of the revolution, several persons of rank, who had been zealously scaviceable in bringing about this event, but who at the same time had no great abilities, applied for some of the most considerable employments under government; when the Earl of Hallifax Being consulted on the propriety of admitting those claims. I remember, said his lordship, to have read in history, that Rome was saved by the *geese*, but I do not recollect that those geese were made *consuls*.

The Emperor Solyman, that haughty sovereign of the Turks, whose talents were so great, and whose ambition was without bounds; in his attack on hungary, took the city of Belgrade, which was considered as the bulwark of Christendom. After this important conquest, a woman of low rank approached him, and complained bitterly, that
some

some of his soldiers had carried off her cattle, in which consisted the whole of her wealth. You must then have been in a *very deep sleep*, said the Sultan, smiling, if you did not hear the robbers. Yes, my sovereign, replied the woman, I did sleep soundly, but it was in the fullest confidence, that your highness *watched for the public safety*. The prince who had an elevated mind, far from resenting this freedom, made her ample amends for the loss which she had sustained.

A late popular character, when very young, was a candidate for Berwick upon Tweed; and being returned, preferred a petition to the house of commons, retaining a certain eminent counsel, with a fee of fifty guineas.—Just before this business was about to come into the house, the barrister, who had in the interval changed his political sentiments, sent word he could not possibly plead. On this, the candidate immediately waited on his advocate, mildly expostulated and remonstrated, but all in vain, he would not, by any means, consent either to plead or return the money; adding, with a sneer of professional insolence, that the law was open, and that he might have recourse, if he conceived himself injured. No, no, sir, replied the spirited client, I was weak enough to *give you a fee*, but I am not quite fool enough to go to law with you; as I perceive my whole fortune may be wasted in retaining fees alone, before I find one honest barrister to plead for me. *I have therefore brought my advocate in my pocket!* Then taking out a brace of pistols, he offered one to the astonished counsellor; and protested that before he quitted the room, he would either have his money or satisfaction. The money was accordingly returned; but losing so able an advocate, the justice of his cause prevented not the failure of his application.

A certain colonel who made the fine fire-works in St. James's-Square, to celebrate the peace of Ryswick, being

in company with some ladies, was highly commending the epitaph just then set up in the abbey, on Mr. Purcel's monument—

He is gone to that place where only his own harmony can be exceeded.

Lord, Colonel, said one of the ladies, the same epitaph might serve you, by altering a single word :

He is gone to that place where only his own fire-works can be exceeded.

His present Majesty happened to see the Rev. Dr. **** at the play, expressed some surprise at seeing a divine at such a representation. Sire, replied the doctor, I am not ashamed at being at any place where the head of the church thinks proper to be present.

A chimney-sweeper in a certain borough town, being one of the last voters at a violent contested election, was strongly pressed by each candidate to honour him with his vote. The fellow, who was for some time at a loss to tell which fine gentleman most merited his suffrage, at last recollecting that he had often heard of kissing hands among the great folks, declared that he would not vote for either, unless they would kiss his hand. One of them accordingly came forward, and having, in vain, endeavoured to persuade the sweep to dispense with so disagreeable a ceremony, actually saluted his sooty fingers; after which, confidently claiming the expected reward,—No, no, says the chimney-sweeper, I shan't vote for you; for I am very sure, he that would kiss my hand would kiss the minister's a—se.

A collection was made to build the hospital of bedlam. Those who were employed to gather this money, came to a small house, the door of which was half open, from
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the entry they overheard an old man scolding the servant maid, who, having made use of a match in kindling the fire, had afterwards indiscreetly thrown it away, without reflecting, that the match still having the other extremity dipped in sulphur, might have been of further service.— After diverting themselves a while with the dispute, they knocked, and presenting themselves before the old gentleman. As soon as he had told him the cause of their coming, he went into a closet, from whence he brought four hundred guineas, and reckoning the money in their presence, he put it into their bag. The collectors being astonished at this generosity, and testifying their surprise, told the old fellow what they had heard. Gentlemen, said he, your surprise is occasioned by a thing of little consequence. I keep house, and save and spend money my own way; the one furnishes me with the means of doing the other; and both equally gratify my inclinations. With regard to benefactions and donations, always expect most from prudent people, who keep their own accounts. — When he had thus spoken, he turned them out of the house without further ceremony, and shut the door, not thinking *half so much of the four hundred guineas which he had just given away, as of the match that had been thrown into the fire.*

The late Doctor Franklin, in the early part of his life, followed the business of a printer, and had occasion to travel from Philadelphia to Boston. In his journey he stopped at one of their inns, the landlord of which possessed the true disposition of his countrymen, which is, to be inquisitive, even to impertinence, into the business of every stranger.—The Doctor, after the fatigue of the day's travel, had set himself down to supper, when his landlord began to torment him with questions. The Doctor well knew the disposition of these people; he apprehended, that, after having answered his questions, others would come in, and go over the same ground, so he determined to stop him. Have you a wife, landlord? Yes, sir,
Pray

Pray let me see her.—Madam was introduced with much form.—How many children have you? Four, sir. I should be happy to see them. The children were sought, and introduced. How many servants have you? Two, sir, a man and a woman. Pray fetch them. When they came the doctor asked if there were any other persons in the house; and being answered in the negative, addressed them with much solemnity: My good friends, I sent for you here to give you an account of myself. My name is Benjamin Franklin; I am a printer, of—— years of age, reside at Philadelphia, and am going from thence to Boston; I sent for you all, that if you wish for any further particulars, you may ask, and I will inform you, which done, *I flatter myself you will permit me to eat my supper in peace.*

When Spenser had finished his famous poem of the Fairy Queen, he carried to the Earl of Southampton, the great patron of the poets of those days. The manuscript being sent up to the earl, he read a few pages, and then ordered his servant to give the writer 20*l.* Reading on, he cried in rapture, Carry that man another 20*l.* proceeding still, he said, give him 20*l.* more. But, at length, he lost all patience, and said, Go, turn that fellow out of the house, *for if I read on I shall be ruined.*

In an assembly the other day, the conversation happened to turn upon a new publication, which was highly praised by a nobleman, who had just perused it. A person in company, understanding, from what the nobleman said, that he was a stranger to the author, went in quest of him, knowing him to be hard by, and introduced him to the nobleman; at the same time, intimating, that he stood in need of pecuniary assistance. His lordship coldly told the author he liked the work very well, and drawing out his purse, made him a present of it; in which was *sixty-two guineas.*

That

That admired son of the comic muse, Mr. Quick, belonging to the Liverpool company of comedians, at the time the celebrated Naval Review at Portsmouth made so much noise in the world; one of the gentlemen of the theatre, after saluting Mr. Quick one morning in the Green Room, whipt open his waistcoat, the ladies set up a loud laugh, which the wag heightened, by observing, the ladies had an opportunity of seeing a *Naval Review* without going to Portsmouth.

A man going home late at night was stopped by the patroles, and asked where he was going: He being intoxicated with liquor, told them, he came from where they would like to have been, and was going where they dare not come for their ears. They then asked his name and where he lived. My name, says he, is seven and twenty shillings, and where I live is out of the king's dominions. Upon which they took him to the watch-house. The next day he was examined before the justice, for the impertinent answers given to the patroles. Upon which he said, Please your worship, I was at a punch-house, where I had good liquor, which made me say, they would *wish to be there*; and was going home to my wife, where they had *no right to come*; my name is *moidore*; and I live in *Little Britain*. This answer so pleased the Justice that he was discharged immediately.

A cardinal, highly in the confidence of Pope Alexander the Sixth, told him one day, that it would be expedient to banish the physicians out of Rome, for they were entirely useless. No, says the Pope, they are quite the *reverse*; for without them the *world would increase so fast, that one could not live by another*.

The famous Rabelias followed the Cardinal of Lorrain to Rome, and attended on him as his physician.—This prelate being gone to pay his duty to the new Pope, Gregory XIII. was, according to custom, admitted to the
the

the honour of kissing his holiness's toe. Rabelais, who was present, appearing surpris'd and shocked at the sight of such a beastly action, hasten'd out of the room, and went away. The cardinal on his return home asked him angrily, what made him run away before he was presented to the pontiff, with the gentlemen of his retinue.—I crave your Eminency's pardon, answered Rabelais; but seeing you, who are a cardinal, a great prince, and my master, *kiss the Pope's toe*, I thought the greatest honour that could fall to my share would be to *kiss his holiness's backside*.

King James the First gave all manner of liberty and encouragement to the exercise of buffoonery, and he took great delight in it himself. Happening once to bear somewhat hard on one of his Scotch courtiers: By my fault, returned the peer, he that made your majesty a king, *spoiled the best fool in Christendom*.

A young gentleman desirous of being admitted into the law, was asked a question by one of the gentlemen of the long robe: Suppose, says he, your client had a debt owing him of nine pounds nineteen shillings, and the plaintiff was going to leave the country; How would you act? Why, says the young student, *I would lend him another shilling*.—This answer so well pleased the judges, that they afterwards consulted, and admitted him.

A lawyer told his client, his adversary had removed his suit from one court to another; to whom the client replied, Let him remove to the *devil*, if he pleases, *I am sure my attorney, for money, will follow it*.

Cardinal Wolsey was first minister of state to Hen. VIII. and in great favor with him. He was a proud, insolent, and vicious prelate, and falling under disgrace, he was sent for by the king; but dying on his journey between York and London, he left this testimony behind him, to the honour of religion and virtue, viz. *Had I served my God*

God as zealously as I have served my prince, he would not have forsaken me in my old age.

A nobleman, before a numerous assembly, told a worthy divine, who was soliciting him for a living then vacant, and in his lordship's disposal, No, no, Doctor; talk no more of it; but prithee, man, learn to dance.—The doctor, not at all abashed, smilingly replied, He should be incorrigible not to improve with his lordship for an instructor, who had long taught him to *dance attendance*. Have I so, doctor, says the Earl; then e'en take the living, and my daughter *Sophia* shall teach you to turn your toes out.

There was a patron in England that had a benefice fallen into his hands, and a good brother of mine came unto him, and brought him thirty apples in a dish, and gave them to his man to carry them to his master.—The man accordingly presented him with the dish of apples, saying, Sir, such a man hath sent you a dish of fruit, and desireth you to be good unto him for such a benefice.—Tush, tush, said he, this is no apple matter, I will have none of his apples; I have as good as these in my own orchard. The man came to the priest again, and told him what his master had said. Then, replied the priest, desire him to prove one of them for my sake; he shall find them better than they look for.—He accordingly cut one of them, and found ten pieces of gold in it. Marry, quoth he, this is a *good apple*. The priest standing not far off, and hearing what the gentleman said, cried out, They are all as *one apple*, I assure you, sir; they all grew on one tree, and have all one *taste*. Well, he is a *good fellow*, let him have it, said the patron, and get you a *graft* of this tree, and I'll warrant it to you in better stead than all *St. Paul's* learning.

A poor but worthy clergyman, who possessed only a small lectureship, from the income of which he had a large

large family to maintain, had been under the necessity through some expensive family sicknesses, &c. of contracting debts with several of the parish, and, being unable to answer their demands, absconded for some time, for fear of being troubled; and, in short, was so ashamed of facing his creditors, that he even prevailed on a friend to officiate on Sundays for him. He however considered that this way of life could not last long, he took courage and resolved to preach on the following Sunday before his parishioners; when he took his text from the New Testament, in these words:

Have patience with me and I will pay you all.

He divided his discourse into two general heads: First, *Have patience with me.* Secondly, *And I will pay you all.*—He then expatiated very largely and elegantly on that most christian virtue, patience; after which, And now, says he, having done with my first head, viz. *Have patience,* I now come to my second and last general head, which is, *And I will pay you all.*—But that I must leave for another opportunity. Which excellent conclusion so pleased his creditors, that they gave him his own time to pay his debts, assuring him that they would never trouble him more.

A gentleman once was called upon a jury at the Old Bailey, but he being distressed in circumstances resolved to turn upon the road to mend his fortune, upon which he ordered his barber to make him a scarlet wig, which he wore, and robbed two gentlemen; after which he threw the wig away. A countryman with his team travelling the road, picked it up, and admiring it, throws off his cap and put on the scarlet wig, thinking it was the fashion in London; he soon after arrived in town, and the two gentlemen who were robbed seeing the countryman, immediately took him in custody, supposing him to be the man who robbed them; he was brought up to the Old Bailey

Bailey for trial, and swore to by the two gentlemen.—The real highwayman was on the Jury, who thought it a cruel circumstance that an innocent man should suffer, and putting on the wig, said to the gentlemen, Who was it robbed you? O, says the gentlemen, it was you, you are the man, we are sure.—Then says the judge to them, Why you two will say it is me if I put on the wig.—*You have already sworn to one, and you want to swear to another; turn them both out of court, or they'll swear to me next.*

A very ignorant person, but extremely foppish young fellow, going into a bookseller's shop with a relation, who went there to buy something he wanted, seeing his cousin look into a particular book and smile, asked him, what there was in that book to make him smile?—Why, answered the other, this book is dedicated to you, cousin Jack: Is it so? says he, pray let me see it; for I never knew before that I had such an honour done to me. Upon which, taking it into his hand, he found it to be Perkin's Catechism, dedicated to all ignorant persons.

A drunken fellow having sold all his goods to maintain himself at his pot, except his feather-bed, at last made away with that too; when being reproved for it by some of his friends; Why, said he, I am very well, thank God, and why should I keep my bed.

A gentlemen being arrested for a pretty large sum of money, sent to an acquaintance, who had often professed great friendship for him, to beg that he would bail him; the other told him, that he had promised never to be bail for any body; but with much kindness said, I will tell you what you may do, you may get somebody else, if you can!

When

When king Charles the First was in great anxiety about signing the warrant for the Earl of Stafford's execution, saying, it was next to death to part with so able a minister, and so loyal a subject; a certain favorite of the king's standing by, soon resolved his majesty, by telling him, that in such an exigence a man had better part with his *crutch than his leg*.

Some rattling young fellows from London putting into a country inn, seeing a plain rough-hewn farmer there, says one of them, you shall see me dumb-found that countryman. — So coming up to him, he gave his hat a twirl round, saying, there is half a crown for you, countryman. The former, after recovering a little from his surprise, reared his oaken towel, and surveying him very gravely, gave him two very handsome drubs on the shoulder, saying, I thank you for your kindness, friend, there is *two shillings of your money back again*.

A person having been put to great shifts to get money to support his credit; some of his creditors at length sent him word, that they would give him trouble. Fox, said he, I have had trouble enough to *borrow the money*, and had not need be troubled to *pay it again*.

A country-woman being sick, bequeathed her sow with pig to the parson, who thinking she would hardly recover, came soon after and took the sow away. — The good woman recovering, asked for her sow, and being told the parson she had left it to, came when she was very bad, and had taken her away. Bless us, says she, the parson is worse than the devil, for one may call upon him twenty times to take one before he will do it, but I did but once bid the *parson take my sow*, and he fetched her immediately.

A lady, whose beauty was very much upon the decline, having sent her picture to a gentleman that was to come
a wooing

wooing to her, bid her chambermaid, when she was coming to dress her, to take care in repairing her decays a little, or she should not look like her picture. I warrant you, madam, says she, laying on her bavarian red; a little art made your picture like, and now a little of the same art shall make you like your picture; your picture must fit to you.

A termagant sempstress coming to hunt a young fellow at his lodgings, where he was terribly afraid to have his landlady hear; she began to open her quail pipes at a great rate, but was presently seized with a fit of coughing. Lord, says she, I have got such a cold I can hardly speak. Nay, as to that, says he, I care not how softly you speak. Do not tell me of speaking softly, says she, I insist upon it, that you let me have my money, or I will take the law of you.—Do, says he, then you will be forced to hold your tongue, for the law allows no body to *scold in their own cause*.

One who had married a light-beeled wife, instead of an innocent country girl, which he took her for, was severely rallied upon the discovery by his acquaintance. Among the rest, a young lady having been very severe with him, he called to her lover, who was present, saying, fir, take off your wasp, I will have a fly-trap else. You will have occasion for it, says she, your wife has been *blown upon*.

When recruits were raising for the late wars, a serjeant told the captain, that he had got him an extraordinary man: Ay, says the captain, prithee what is he? A butcher fir, replies the serjeant, and your honour will have a double service for him, for we had *two sheep-stealers* in the company before.

A harm-

A harmless country fellow having commenced a suit against a gentleman who had beat down his fences, and spoiled his corn: When the affizes drew near, his adversary bribed his only evidence to keep out of the way.— Well, says the fellow, I am resolved I'll up to town, and the king shall know it. The king know it, says his landlord, who was an attorney, prithee what good will that do you, if the man keeps out of the way? Why, fir, says the poor fellow, I have heard you say, that the king could make a man a peer at any time.

A lady seeing a tolerable pretty fellow, who by the help of a taylor and a sempstrefs had transformed himself into a beau, said, What a pity it is to see one whom nature has made no fool, so industrious to pass for an ass: Rather, says another, we should pity those whom nature abuses, than those who abuse nature; besides, the town would be robbed of one half of its diversion, if it should be a crime to laugh at a fool.

The Roman Catholicks made a sacrament of matrimony, and in consequence of that notion, pretended that it concerns grace: The protestant divines do not carry matters so high, but say, this ought to be understood in a qualified sense: and that marriage so far confers grace, as that, generally speaking, it *brings repentance*, which every body knows is one step towards grace.

A lady who told another she had a mind to quarrel with an impertinent teasing young fellow she did not like, said she could not tell how to provoke him, he was so very assiduous and submissive. 'Slife, said her friend, I'd spit in his face. Alas! said she, that will not do; when men are fawning, like lap-dogs, *they will take that for a very great favor*.

An extravagant young gentleman, to whom the title of Lord, and a good estate, was just fallen, being a little
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harrassed

harrassed by duns, bid his steward tell them, that whilst he was a private gentleman he had leizure to run in debt ; but now being advanced to higher rank, he was too *busy* to pay them.

A wild young fellow, that had spent his fortune, being asked, what he intended to do with himself? said he designed to go into the army. How can that be, says one, you are a Catholic, and cannot take the oaths. You may as well tell me, says he, that I cannot take orders because I am an atheist, I ask your pardon, replied the other, I did not know the strength of your *conscience* so well as I did the weakness of your *purse*.

A gentleman complaining of a misfortune, said it was along with that drunken sot, his man, who could not keep himself sober. With respect to your worship, said the fellow, I know very few drunken sots that do *keep themselves sober*.

An English gentleman travelling to France, and made choice of an abbot, as wicked as himself, for the companion of his pleasures. One of his countrymen told him, That though the abbot and he differed about the way to heaven, they were in a fair way of going to the *devil together*.

A very grave person being carried before a magistrate for having a little thing as big as a bastard laid to him ; one that was passing by, asked what was the matter? Only, says another, an old gentleman is apprehended upon suspicion of *manhood*. Manhood! cries the former, what has he committed murder? Quite the contrary, says the other ; he has committed fornication, and *got a subject, not killed one*.

A countryman in the street enquiring the way to Newgate, an arch fellow that heard him, said he would shew him
presently.

presently. Do but cross the way, said he, to yon Goldsmith's shop, and move off with one of those silver tankards and it will bring you there presently.

A certain priest in a rich abbey in Florence, being a fisherman's son, caused a net to be spread every day on a table in his apartment, to put him in mind of his origin; the abbot dying, this disssembled humility procured him to be chosen abbot, after which the net was used no more. Being asked the reason, he answered, there is no occasion for the net now the fish is caught.

A farmer, who had a very great name in the country for his dexterity in manly exercises, such as wrestling, throwing the bar, and the like, drew upon himself many occasions to try his skill, with such as came far and near to challenge him; among the rest a conceited fellow rode a great way to visit this champion; and being told that he was in his ground behind the house, he alighted, and walked with his horse in his hand, till he came where he found him at work; so hanging his horse upon the pails, he accosted him thus: That having heard much of his fame, he was come forty miles to try a fall with him. The champion, without more ado, came up to him, and closing with him, took him on such an advantageous lock, that he pitched him clear over the pails; and with a great deal of unconcern, took up his spade, and fell to work again: the fellow getting upon his legs again, as nimble as he could, called to speak to him. Well, says the champion, have you any more to say to me? No, no, replied the fellow, only to desire you would be so kind as to throw my horse after me.

A lawyer and a physician having a dispute about precedence, referred it to Diogenes, who gave it in favor of the lawyer, in these terms: *Let the thief go before and the executioner follow.*

In the late war, a stuttering fellow, who was an excellent seaman, and fond of singing, served on board a fifty-gun ship. During his watch in the night, he perceived a smoke issuing from the fore-castle, and ran down to the Captain in a fright.—When he came to the cabin, his perturbation made his imperfection worse, and after many trials, he could articulate nothing more than “Your Hon-on-on-on-on-or—the fore-fore-fore.” Here the Captain burst in a rage thus.—“D—n you, you scoundrel, if you can’t speak, you can sing to my knowledge; on which the tar began immediately to set the threatening calamity to an old tune, familiar to his old organs.—

The fore-castle is all on fire—tol, lol, de rol, lol, de lido.”—On which the Captain leapt from his bed in his shirt—found the information true, and luckily prevented farther damage.

At the decease of Mr. Picket’s mayoralty, the present Mayor and his predecessor sat in the same carriage opposite each other, when a person remarked, “that Mr. Picket looked remarkably pale, and the mayor elect uncommonly high coloured.”—*Silver plate, and copper plate,* replied the oblique chamberlain.

The late counsellor Harwood, of Dublin, who was once remarkable for his humour and bon mots, seeing an officer of the light infantry, with a large plume of feathers upon his cap; if he had but a cork in his tail, said the counsellor, *one might make a shuttlecock of him.*

An alehouse-girl took it into her head to be catechised at church. The parson asked her her name? Lord, Sir, said she, how can you pretend not to know my name, when you come to our house so often, and cry ten times in an evening, *Nan, you whore, bring us another full pot.*

J. M.

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A coun-

A country curate had a dog whom he was extremely fond of; the poor cur sickened, and died, and his master, in honour to his memory, gave him christian burial. — This came to the bishop's ear, who presently sent for the curate, rallied him to some tune, with menaces of the highest degree, for bringing such a scandal upon the function. My lord, says the curate, if your lordship had but known the understanding of this dog, both living and dying, and especially how charitable an end he made, you would not have grudged him a place in the church-yard, among his fellow parishioners. How so? says the bishop. Why, my lord, says the curate, when he found he was going to his long home, he sent for a notary, and made his will. *There is my poor lord bishop in want, says he, and it is my will to leave him a hundred pounds for a legacy.* He charged me to see it performed, and I have it here in a purse ready counted for your lordship. The bishop, upon the receipt of the money, and after second thoughts, gave the priest absolution, and found it a very good will, and a very canonical burial.

A foldier came in a great fright to Washington, and told him the enemy are very near us; *then we are wery near them too*, said Washington.—There was another that came to tell him, that the enemy were so numerous, that one could hardly see the sun for the quantity of their bayonets. To whom he answered very wittily, *will it not be a great pleasure to fight in the shade?*

A Rhetorician, at the East end of the town, offered in a sedition to exhort the people of the city to concord; and, because he was extraordinary fat, the people fell a laughing as soon as they saw him. But the cunning orator, making their laughter the occasion of his speech, You laugh, said he, at my bigness; I have a wife yet bigger than myself: nevertheless, when we agree, one bed
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is enough for us both; but *when we are at odds, the whole house is too little to hold us.*

A gentleman, who was not remarkable for being over fond of his wife, hearing her cough a good deal one day, said to a friend, who let drop some pitying expressions, *Prithee, Tom, never mind her, I hope it will carry her to hell in a fortnight.* The lady, who was in another room, over-hearing this affectionate speech, immediately rushed into the parlour where it was delivered, and advancing to her husband, told him briskly, *that she had too much of his company in this world, to wish to have it in the next.*

Two sailors, one Irish, the other English, agreed reciprocally to take care of each other, in case of either's being wounded in an action then about to commence. It was not long before the Englishman's leg was shot off by a cannon-ball; and on his calling to Paddy to carry him to the Doctor, according to their agreement, the other very readily complied: but he had scarcely got his wounded companion on his back, when a second ball struck off the poor fellow's head. Paddy, who, through the noise and disturbance common in a sea engagement, had not perceived his friend's last misfortune, continued to make the best of his way to the Surgeon. An officer observing him with a headless trunk upon his shoulders, asked him where he was going? To the Doctor, says Paddy. The Doctor says the officer, *why, you blockhead, the man has lost his head.* On hearing this he flung the body from his shoulders, and looking at it very attentively, *By my shoul,* says he, *he told me it was his leg.*

Foote, whose talent lay in lampooning and mimicry, even in his early days, had once got a knack of imitating a late general officer in the shrug of his shoulders, the lisping of his speech, and some other things, for

which the General was remarkable, so that it grew a common topic among his acquaintance, who used to say, Come, Sam, let us have the General's company. — A friend at length acquainted the officer of it, who sent for Foote; Sir, says the General, I hear you have an excellent talent at mimicking characters, and, among the rest, I find I have been the subject of your ridicule. — Oh! Sir, says Foote, with great pleasantry, I take all my acquaintance off at times, and what is more particular, I often take myself off. Gad so, says the other, pray let us have a specimen. Foote on this puts on his hat and gloves, takes hold of his cane, and, making a short bow, left the room. The officer waited some minutes for his return; but at length, on enquiry, found he had really *taken himself off*, by leaving the house. The officer was General Blakeney, with whom he was afterwards in the strictest friendship.

It is no secret that the marriage of Mrs. Clive, the celebrated comedian, with the counsellor of that name, was attended with continual jars and squabbles, which, according to public report, chiefly arose from the shrewdish disposition of the lady. In a few months they parted by mutual consent, to the great satisfaction of the hen-pecked Counsellor; who, upon his return, soon after to his chambers in Lincoln's Inn, from the Western circuit, finding his washerwoman had pawned some of his linen in his absence, dispatched his footman to engage another person in that capacity, whose honesty might be depended upon. A laundress was soon found, and on her waiting upon Mr. Clive, while his man was counting out the dirty cloaths to her, he made some enquiries, which occasioned the good woman to give him some account of the many respectable people she washed for; and after mentioning the satisfaction she had given to several Serjeants, Benchers, and other limbs of the law, Sir, says she, I also work for a namesake of your honour's. A namesake of mine! says the Counsellor.

Counsellor. Yes, and please you, says she, and a mighty good sort of a woman too, though she be one of the player folks. Oh! what you wash for Mrs. Clive, the actress, do you?—Yes, indeed, Sir, and she is one of my best customers too.—Is she so? replied the Counsellor. Stop, John, toss the cloaths back into the closet again. Here, good woman, says the Counsellor, I am sorry you have had this trouble; here is half a crown for you; but you can never wash for me; *for I will be d—d if ever I suffer my shirt to be rubbed against her shift any more as long as I live.*

The mildness of Sir Isaac Newton's temper, through the course of his life, commanded admiration from all who knew him, but in no one instance, perhaps, more than the following: Sir Isaac had a favourite little dog, which he called Diamond; and being one day called out of his study into the next room, Diamond was left behind. When Sir Isaac returned, having been absent but a few minutes, he had the mortification to find, that Diamond had thrown down a lighted candle among some papers, the nearly finished labour of many years was in flames, and almost consumed to ashes.—This loss, as Sir Isaac was then very far advanced in years, was irretrievable; yet, without once striking the dog, he only rebuk'd him with this exclamation, *Oh! Diamond! Diamond! thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!*

A bailiff, clapping a man on the shoulder, said, I arrest you, Sir, for a horse (meaning for the money he owed for a horse) why, replied the defendant, thou coxcomb, thou art not certainly such a fool as thou makest thyself? Pray look upon me again; what likeness can you see, that you take me for a horse? Then tripping up his heels, said, However, I'll shew you a horse's trick; and after giving him two or three kicks, left him in the kennel, and so ran off.

In a village in Kent, a poor woman fell into a lethargy. Her husband, and those who were about her, believed she was dead; they covered her over with a piece of linen cloth, as is done to the poor people of that country, and ordered her to be carried to the burying place. In going to church, he who carried her went near to a thorn hedge, and the prickles of it scratching her, she recovered from her lethargy. Fourteen years after, she died in good earnest (at least it was thought so) as they carried her to the church-yard, and came near to a hedge, the husband began to cry lustily, *Keep off the hedge.*

A young parson lost his way in a forest, and it being very cold and rainy, he happened upon a poor cottage, and desired any lodging or hay-loft to lay in, and some fire to dry him. The man told him, he and his wife had but one bed, and if he pleased to lie with them, he should be welcome. The parson thanked him, and kindly accepted of it. In the morning, the man arose to go to market, and meeting with some of his neighbours, he fell a laughing. They asked him what made him so merry about the mouth? Why, says he, *I can but think how ashamed the parson will be when he awakes, to find himself left in bed with my wife.*

Plato invited one night to supper Diogenes, the Cynic, with some Sicilians, his friends, and caused the banquetting room to be adorned, out of respect to those strangers. Diogenes, who was displeased with Plato's neatness, began to trample upon the carpets and other goods; and said, brutishly, *I trample upon the pride of Plato.* — But Plato answered wisely, *True, Diogenes, but you trample on it out of greater.*

Artaxerxes being routed in a battle, and put to flight, after his baggage and provisions had been plundered, he found himself so pressed with hunger, that he was
reduced

reduced to eat a piece of barley-bread, and some dry figs. But he found such a relish in them, that he cried out, *O, Gods ! how many pleasures has plenty deprived me of, to this hour ?*

Diogenes being asked, the biting of which beast was most dangerous? answered, *If you mean wild beasts, 'tis the slanderer's, if tame one's, the flatterer's.*

A certain Chancellor sitting on the judgment-seat to hear criminal causes, kept always one of his ears stopt, while the accuser was pleading; and being asked the reason — I keep, said he, *the other ear to hear the party accused.*

A French woman made a shew of a piece of work very rich, and well wrought; but an English woman shewing four children, whom she had well brought up, These, said she, *are the works that a virtuous woman ought to value herself upon.*

One day Socrates, having for a long time endured his wife's brawling, went out of his house, and sat down before the door, to rid himself of her impertinence. — The woman, enraged to find all her scolding was not able to disturb his tranquillity, flung a chamber-pot full upon his head. Those that happened to see it, laughed heartily at poor Socrates; but that philosopher told them, smiling, *I thought, indeed, that after so much thunder, we should have some rain.*

A Quaker coming to town with his team, was laid hold of, and took before a justice for riding upon the shafts of his cart, and was fined forty shillings. The Quaker, without hesitation, threw down two guineas; when the justice told him, he must have two shillings change. Ay, says the Quaker, but thou hast been at so much trouble, thee mayest keep the two shillings to thyself;

thyself : only thou write it down on a bit of paper for my satisfaction ; which the justice accordingly did, and gave a receipt for two guineas, but not upon stamped paper. — The Quaker immediately goes to a neighbouring justice, shews him the receipt, tells him he had just taken it, and asked if it was according to law ? No, said the justice, it should have been upon stamped paper, — The justice was brought before him, and fined in the penalty of five pounds, to the no small mortification of the justice, and the great laughter of the company present.

A Spanish lady, young and beautiful, went to confess to a friar of that country. The Father Confessor, after many questions about the heads of her confession, grew desirous to be acquainted with her, and asked what her name was ? The lady, who had no temptation to gratify his curiosity, answered, *Father, my name is not sin.*

Three men playing together, a mad bull ran into the place where they were : So one hid himself under a bed, another went into a hoghead, and the third under an ass's pack-saddle. Now, as they told their friends how they escaped, they all laughed at him who had hid himself under the pack-saddle : But one said, truly he was in the right of it : *for he had a mind to die with his cloaths on.*

The Hungarians, who had conspired against Sigismundus, having entered his palace with design to kill him, the emperor perceived them, and ran to them with a dagger in his hand : Which of you, said he to them, will be so insolent as to offer me violence ? — What have I done that deserves death ? If any one designs to strike me, let him come forward, I will defend myself. — This bold and resolute speech frightened
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the conspirators to that degree, that they ran away at that very instant.

A painter having promised the finest of all his pictures to a lady, who had no skill in them, she came and told him, cunningly, that his house was on fire. The painter cried out presently to his apprentice, *be sure you save such a picture.* By which means she found that this must be the best, and she asked it of him as soon as his trouble was over, and he was satisfied that it was but a false alarm.

A man, who had married an ugly woman upon account of her great fortune, having one day surprised her with a spark, he told her, Since thou hast one that kisses thee for nothing, *what needest thou have got a husband, at the expence of thy fortune.*

All the teeth of a certain talkative lady being loose, she asked a physician the cause of it, who answered, *It proceeded from the violent shock she gave them with her tongue.*

A Dutch merchant in Amsterdam had sold a thousand pounds worth of gloves to some Jews, who not standing to their bargain, when they brought their money, would have but half. The Dutch merchant desired a little time to fort them, and told them they should have half : so he commanded his men to put *all the right-handed gloves in one parcel, and the left in another.*—Then when the Jews came he bid them take their choice ; which being done, and the money paid, they began to pack up ; but perceiving at last they were all for one hand, they were forced to take the rest at the merchant's rate.

A father chid his son for rising late, and gave him an instance of a certain man, who, being up betimes, found

a purse full of gold. The son answered, *he that lost it, was up before him.*

A man that had but one eye, met early in the morning one that had a crooked back, and said to him, *Friend, you are loaded betimes.* It is early indeed, replied the other, *for you have but one of your windows open.*

Two men riding from Shipton to Burford, and seeing a miller riding softly before them on his sacks, resolved to abuse him; so one went on one side of him, and t'other on the other side, saying, *Miller, now tell us, which art thou, more knave or fool?* Truly, says he, I do not know which I am most, but I guess I am *between both.*

Pogins, the Florentine, tells a merry story, condemning the folly of such, especially mean persons, as spend their time and estates in hunting and hawking.—Mr. A——, Physician of Milan, saith he, that cured mad men, had a pit of water in his house, in which he dipt his patients, some up to their knees, some up to the girdle, some to the chin, as they were more or less affected. One of them, that was pretty well recovered, stood by chance before the door; and seeing a gentleman ride by, with a hawk on his fist, and his spaniels after him, would needs know to what use all this preparation served? He made answer, to kill certain fowls: the patient demanded again, What his fowls might be worth which he killed in a year? He replied, nine or ten crowns: and when he urged him further, what his dogs, horses and hawks, stood him in? he told him four hundred crowns. *With that the patient bid him be gone as he loved his life and welfare; for, said he, if our master comes and finds thee here, he will certainly put thee into his pit amongst the mad men, up to the very chin.*

Sixtus

Sixtus V. being made Pope from a Grey Friar, did not change his humour by changing his fortune, but still kept the character of a facetious man, and loved to run over in his mind all the cunning tricks he had played, and the adventures of his first condition. He remembered, amongst other things, that when he was a Friar he had borrowed money of the Superior, or Head, of the monastery of ———, and had not repaid it to him. He therefore enquired about him, and bearing he was still living, he sent him orders to come, and give him an account of his conduct. The good father, who was conscious of no guilt, went to Rome with that tranquillity of mind which results from a good conscience. When he was come before the Pope, We are informed, said the holy Father to him, that you have embezzled some of the monastery money, and therefore have sent for you to have an account of the matter.

Holy Father, answered the Monk, I think myself altogether innocent as to that. Consider well, said the Pope, whether you have not indiscreetly lent money to some body, particularly to a certain Grey Friar, who came to you in such a year. The good man having thought upon it awhile: 'Tis true, said he, holy Father, he was a great knave, who got that money from me upon idle pretences, and a promise he made me of repaying it in a little time.—Well, said the Pope, I am that very Friar you speak of; I am willing to return that money according to promise, and advise you, at the same time, *never to lend any more to men of that coat, who are not all cut out for Popes, to be in a condition to pay you again.*—The good man being very much surprised to find his Friar in the person of the Pope, wanted to beg his pardon for calling him knave. Never trouble yourself about that time; but God has furnished me with means to retrieve my past offences. Thus he dismissed the good monk, having paid him the money he owed him, and giving him great demonstration of favor..

A country justice invited one day to dinner Edwin, with many other persons; and having a mind to shew his wit, took these aside, and told them, Gentlemen, if you'll be ruled by me, we shall make ourselves merry to-day with Edwin, who, you know, sets up for a jester, and drolls upon every body. My clerk being sick a bed, so that I have nobody to wait on us, I will propose to draw cuts, to see which of us shall go to the cellar to draw the wine, and wait on the rest whilst they are at dinner, and I will contrive it so, that it shall fall to Edwin's lot; which being thus concluded amongst them, was put into execution accordingly. — Edwin smoked the plot, and was resolved to make his host repent it. Down he goes to the cellar to fill the bottles, whilst the others sel' too; and being come up again with the bottles, You see, Gentlemen, said he, how I have performed what I had to do; let us now draw cuts to see which of us shall go down into the cellar to stop the hogheads I have left running. Now the justice talked no more of casting lots, and knowing Edwin to be as good as his word, leaves presently his dinner, and runs to the cellar, where he finds his vessels running, and part of his wine spilt; for which he afterwards expostulated with Edwin. You have no reason to complain of me, answered he, since I have punctually complied with the conditions of the play, which indeed obliged me to draw the wine, and fill the bottles, *but not to stop the vessels of a host who entertains his guests so scurvily.*

An offender being asked, whether he had committed all the crimes that were laid to his charge? Answered, I have done yet worse! Being asked what? *I suffered myself to be apprehended,* said he.

Henry IV. going into Madam Gabrielle's chamber, the Duke de Bellegrade, who was in love with her, hid himself under her bed. In the mean time a collation was served up, and the King, who had observed the place

place where that Lord lay hid, threw some sweetmeats that way, saying, *every body must live.*

Some gentlemen being in a tavern, as they were in the height of their jolity, in came a friend of theirs, whose name was Samson. Ah! (said one) we may be now securely merry, fearing neither serjeant nor bailiff; for though a thousand philistines should come, here is Samson, who is able to train them all! Sir, replied Samson, I will boldly venture on so many as you speak of, provided you will lend me one of *your jaw bones.*

A young gentleman, informed by a bill on the window of a house that apartments were to be let, knocked at the door, and, attended by a pretty female, took a survey of the premises. 'Pray, my dear, said the gentleman smiling, are you to be *let* with these lodgings?'—'No, replied the charming fille de chambre, I am to be *let* alone.

The Emperor Charles V. having wandered up and down for a good while in a forest, where he had lost his way in hunting, found himself at last near a public house, whether he went to refresh himself. As he went in, he espied four fellows, whose looks forebode him no good: however, he put a good face upon the matter, sat down and called for something to eat and drink. The fellows, who were lying down and pretended to be asleep, thought fit to wake. — I dreamed, said one of these ruffians, coming near the emperor, that I was *taking off your hat*, and so he took it. For my part, says another, I dreamed that *your great coat would fit me exactly*, and without any more ado he fairly stript him of it.—The third paid him the same compliment, and stript him of his buff coat.—The fourth rogue, with the same good manners, went about to take from off his neck a gold chain, where a whistle was hanging.—Hold a little, says the emperor, putting back his hand, before you take this dear whistle from me, give me leave

to teach you the virtue of it; *you must do so.*—Then having given a loud whistle, his attendants, who were looking for him, and by chance were got near that house, as soon as they heard the whistle, came in, and were very much surprised to find him in that condition. Why, says the emperor to them, here is a parcel of fellows who have just now made an end of dreaming whatever they pleased.—For my part I have a mind to *dream* to.—Then, having paused a while; well, added he, I have been dreaming that these four rare dreamers are a pack of rogues, and deserve to be *hanged*; and I will have my *dream* out *this very minute.*—This command was no sooner given than executed, and all the four knaves were, without any more ado, hanged before the door of that nest of thieves.—The old saying was verified in the case of these rogues, that *dreams go by contraries.*

The following is an anecdote of the vanity and droll circumstance of Mrs. Bellamy.—A nobleman who had a horse to run for the plate at York races, was at her house for some days. As his lordship was entitled by his rank to the seat of honour, he, of course, during dinner-time, sat at her right hand.—But she could not help observing, that his eye was constantly and steadily fixed upon her.—She took little notice of it at first, thinking it was occasioned by the attractive power of her charms, and that good manners would in time induce his lordship to behave with more decorum. Seeing, however, that her face was still the chief object to which his eye was directed, she grew much disconcerted and abashed. But having at length recovered from the little prudery she had contracted in Ireland, she complained to Mr. Metham of the rudeness of his friend.—He could not, avoid smiling, while she made her complaint; and a perfect acquittal of his lordship from any design to offend her, he informed her, that the eye which had been always so steadily fixed upon her, and excited her
alarms.

alarms, was only an innocent *glass eye*, and therefore could not convey any improper information, as it was immovable all day, and rested at night very quietly upon the table.—Her vanity received a severe check by the incident, and she joined in the laugh which it had occasioned.

Mr. B——d the surgeon, being ill of a fever, several of his profession made interest with the governors of the London, to succeed him in that hospital. B—— recovering, and meeting sometime after with one of those surgeons at a coffee-house, the latter began to apologize for his having solicited, urging that it was no more than what was customary, where an hospital physician or surgeon was supposed to be in danger.—Sir, said B——, if you will forgive me *living* I will forgive you *soliciting*.

Some footmen belonging to a person of quality were once making complaints to him, that his lordship's steward never allowed them any thing but cheese and radishes for supper. His lordship sent for the steward to him; 'What, says my lord, in a passion, is it true what these men say, that you give them every night *cheese and radishes for supper*?' 'Yes, my lord, answered the poor steward, quaking with fear.' 'Well then, replied their lord, I command you hence forward to give them *cheese one night and radishes the next*.'

A true and original receipt for composing a modern Love-Letter.

Take five hundred protestations, half as many vows, three thousand lies, fifty pounds weight of deceit, an equal quantity of nonsense, and treble the whole of flattery; mix all these ingredients up together, and add thereto half a scruple of sincerity, sweetening it often with the words, angel—goddes—charmer—honey—and the like.—When it is sweetened to your taste, take as much
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of it at a time as you think proper; fold it up in gilt paper; seal it with the impression of a flaming heart full of wounds; let it be carefully delivered, and it is irresistible.

A country farmer had a very handsome daughter, and a raking young squire, who was his landlord, was very much smitten with her; but his pride of birth would not permit him to think of her as a wife. He often called at the old farmer's, and chatted with the girl, but she never gave him an opportunity to explain to her the cause of his frequent visits. However, at last, he thought of a scheme to get her in his power, and enjoy what he wanted. He went to the farmer, and telling him he expected a good deal of company to supper that evening, begged the favor of him to let his daughter come and assist his servants, and, as it would be late before they went away, she might stay all night, and lay with one of his maids.

The honest farmer, thinking it an honor to have so great a man for his friend, promised she should come.—But after he was gone, the old man's mind misgave him that it might be some trick, for the squire was well known to be the greatest rake in the country.—He was just thinking how he should get off from his promise, when the squire's servant came to his house.

His master had told him to go and fetch the farmer's *lafs*, and to take a little nag and a side-saddle for her to ride on. The man being deaf, thought he said the farmer's *afs*, and accordingly came with that message.—The farmer, who guffed at the mistake, was highly pleased, as the folly of the man was a good excuse to get off from his agreement, without affronting the squire.—But the difficulty was, how they should make the *afs* fit on the side-saddle; for as fast as they lifted her up on one side she fell off on the other. The man was ready to burst with laughter, and the farmer, willing to carry on the jest, fastened her on with cords.

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When John came home it was dark, and his master was in the parlour with two or three gentlemen. John, thinking the squire was upon some fun, went in and told him softly, she was come. Well, said the squire, speaking low, take her into the little parlour, and make a good fire. John did as he was ordered, and then going to his master again, asked him what he was to do next; the squire then bid him tell the cook to dress a fowl for her supper; and do you hear, said he, let every thing be in order, and let her have a bottle of wine.—John could hardly help laughing in his master's face; but ran down to the cook.—Lord, what do you think betty; the *afs* must not only ride on a side-saddle, and be seated by the fire in the parlour, but she must have a chicken for her supper and a bottle of wine. Upon hearing this, Betty joined in the laugh with him, till their sides cracked; but she having more wit than John, proposed to eat the fowl and drink the wine themselves, and then tell the squire she had supped.—This was no sooner agreed to than done; and John going to his master again, told him she had supped: Very well, said the squire, tell Betty to put a pair of clean sheets on the best bed, and wait upon her to bed.—John, on hearing this, gave a broad grin, and his master, with a smile, bid him go and do as he ordered him.—Betty now smelt a rat, and they pleased themselves to think how their master would be disappointed.—But they were ready to die with laughing in making the *afs* lie in bed, and were obliged at last to lay her on her back, and tied her four legs with as many halters to the bed posts.—This being done, John went once more to tell his master she was in bed.—The squire now began to yawn, and appear very sleepy, which soon caused the company to take their leave.

He then went to the room, where he thought his charmer lay, but would not take a candle.—He felt about the bed, and making many fine speeches to the *afs*, wondered he received no answer; thinking the lady was asleep, he stooped down in order to salute her, and hitting his head

head against the ass's nose, frightened the creature so, that with struggling she broke the halters, and rolling off the bed, ran about the room.—The squire, terrified out of his wits, did not know where to run for shelter, for he could not find out the door, but every now and then ran plump against the ass, who brayed out, a—ha! a—ha! a—ha! The squire at length crept under the bed, where he roared out, Betty, John, Betty, John.—O, the devil! the devil!

The servants, who had been without side the door all the while, and had no little diversion when they found he was almost terrified to death, opened the door, and brought a light, desiring to know what was the matter with his honour? The squire no sooner saw what was the cause of his fears, but he fell aboard of poor John.—Did I not tell you, rascal, said he, to fetch me the farmer's *lafs*? —John scratched his head, and begging his honour's pardon, saying, he thought he said his *ass*; and indeed, sir, added he, you would forgive me, if you was to know what trouble I have had in making the poor beast do as you have ordered.

Mr. Arnold, the celebrated aerial puffer, having promised to go up in a balloon by night, and on which account it was to be illuminated with lamps.—A person observed it was quite proper people that were going *heaven-ward* should be enlightened.

Mr. Macklin, the comedian, going the other day to one of the fire offices, to insure some property, was asked by the clerk, how he would please to have his name entered? Entered! exclaimed the veteran of the sock; why I am only plain Charles Macklin, a *vagabond by act of parliament*, but in compliment to the times, you may, if you please, set me down Charles Macklin, *Esquire*, as they are now *synonymous terms*.

A celebrated physician was sent for to a lady, who imagined herself very ill : When he came she complained diffamally that she eat too much, slept too sound, and had a very uncommon flow of spirits. Make yourself perfectly easy, madam, said the doctor, only follow my prescriptions, and you shall soon have no *reason to complain of any such thing.*

A dancing master asked one of his friends, if it was true that Harley was lord high treasurer ? It is, says his friend. That is very amazing, said the dancing master ; what merit can the Queen find it that man ? I had him two years for a pupil, and I declare I could *never make any thing of him.*

One day, during the last term, as a certain solicitor, of no gentleman-like appearance, was passing through Lincoln's-Inn, with his professional bag under his arm, he was accosted by a jew, with, *Clowes to sell, fir, old clowes.* The lawyer, somewhat nettled at this address, from a supposition, that Moses mistook him for an inhabitant of Duke's-place, snatched a bundle of papers from their damask repository, and replied, No, fir, they are all *new suits.*

My lord chief justice Mansfield had a cause before him between a *jew* that was plaintiff, and a *christian* defendant. The latter pleaded, that though the debt was very just, the *jew* had no right, by the laws of England, to bring an action.—Well, says my lord, have you no other plea ? No, my lord, says he, I insist on this plea. Do you, says my lord, then let me tell you, you are the *greater jew of the two.*

A justice of the peace seeing a parson on a very stately horse, riding between Highgate and Hampstead, said to some gentlemen who were with him, Do you see what a beautiful horse that proud parson has got ? I'll banter him
a little

a little.—Doctor, said he, you do not follow the example of your great master, who was humbly content to *ride upon an ass*. Why really, replied the parson, *the king has made so many asses justices, that an honest clergyman can hardly find one to ride, had he a mind to it.*

A lady of distinction, who had wrote many romances, asked bishop Law, how he could get up to the world in the moon, which he had discovered; for as the journey must needs be very long, there would be no possibility of going through it without resting on the way. Oh! madam, said the prelate, your grace has *built so many castles in the air that you cannot want a place to bait at.*

A rich farmer's son, who had been bred at the university, coming home to visit his father and mother, they being one night at supper on a couple of fowls, he told them, that by logic and arithmetick he could prove those two fowls to be three. Well, let us hear, said the old man. Why this, cried the scholar, is *one*, and this, continued he, is *two*, two and one you know make *three*.—Since you have made it out so well, answered the old man, your mother shall have the first fowl, I will have the second, and the *third* you may keep to yourself for your *great learning*.

An Irishman meeting another, asked, What was become of their old acquaintance, Patrick Murphy? Arrah, now, my dear honey, answered the other, poor Patty was condemned to be hanged; but he saved his life by *dying in prison*.

An honest Welch carpenter, coming out of Cardigan shire, got work in Bristol, where in a few months, he had saved, besides his expences, about twelve shillings, and with this prodigious sum of money, returning into his own country; when he came upon Mil-hill, he looked back on the town: Ah! poor Pristow, said he, *if one or two of his country*

country was to give her such another shake as she has done, it would be poor Priflow indeed.

It being asked in company with my Lord C———d, whether the piers of Westminster-bridge would be of stone or wood: Oh, said my lord, of stone, to be sure, for we have too many wooden peers already at Westminster.

Mr. Prior, when ambassador, being at one of the French operas at Paris, and seated in a box with a nobleman he was free with, who as usual in France, sung louder than the performer, burst into bitter invectives against the last; upon which his lordship gave over to enquire the reason, adding, that the person he exclaimed against so fiercely, was one of the finest voices they had. —Yes, replies his excellency, but he makes such a horrible noise that I cannot have the pleasure to hear your lordship.

One telling Charles XII. of Sweden, just before the battle of Narva, that the enemy were three to one; I am glad to hear it, answered the king, for then there will be enough to kill, enough to take prisoners, and enough to run away.

A toping fellow was one night making his will over his bottle; I will give, said he, fifty pounds to five taverners, to drink to my memory when I am dead; ten pound to the salutation for courties; ten pounds to the castle for soldiers; ten pounds to the mitre for parsons; ten pounds to the horns for citizens; and ten pounds to the devil for lawyers.

A certain lord who had a termagant wife, and at the same time a chaplain, who was a tolerable poet, my lord desired him to write a copy of verses on a shrew. — I cannot imagine, said the chaplain, why your lordship should want a copy who possesses so excellent an original.

A gen-

A gentleman talking of his travels, a lady in company said she had been a great deal farther, and seen more countries than he.—Nay, then, madam, replied the gentleman, as travellers we may *lie together* by authority.

One asked his friend, why he being so proper a man himself, had married so small a wife.—Why, friend, said he, I thought you had known, that of all *evils* we should chuse the *least*.

One day an arch~~er~~ wag said in company, that taylors were like woodcocks, for they got their sustenance by their *long bills*.

Ben Johnson being one night at the devil tavern, there was a country gentleman in company, who interrupted all other discourse with an account of his land and tenements ; at last Ben, unable to bear it longer, said to him, What signifies your dirt and your clods to us? where you have one acre of land I have ten acres of wit. Have you so, said the countryman, *good Mr. Wise-acre?* This unexpected repartee from the clown struck Ben quite mute for the time : Why, how now, Ben, said one of the company, you seem to be quite flung ! I never was so *pricked by a hobnail before*, replied he.

A gentleman having sent for a carpenter's servant to knock a nail or two into his study, the fellow after he had done scratched his ears, and said, He hoped the gentlemen would give him something to make him drink.—Make you drink ! says the gentleman, there is a *pickled herring* for you, and if that will not make you *drink* I will give you another.

A certain country farmer was observed never to be in a good humour when he was hungry ; for this reason his wife was very careful to watch the time of his coming home, and always had dinner ready on the table. One day he sur-

prised her, and she had only time to set a mess of broth ready for him; who soon, according to custom, began to open his pipes, and maundering over his broth, forgetting what he was about, burnt his mouth to some purpose.—The good wife seeing him in that spluttering condition, comforted him as follows: See what it is now; had you *kept your breath to cool your pottage*, you had not burnt your mouth, John.

Three gentlemen being at a tavern, whose names were Moore, Strange and Wright; said the last, There is but one cuckold in company, and that is *Strange*; Yes, answered *Strange*, there is one *Moore*; Aye, said *Moore*, that is *Wright*.

A Scotch bag-piper, travelling to Ireland, opened his wallet by a wood side, and sat down to dinner; no sooner had he said grace, but three wolves came about him. To one he threw bread, to another meat, till his provinder was all gone.—At length he took up his pipes and began to play, at which they ran away.—*The deef saw me, said Sawney, and had I keen'd you loo'd music so weel, you should have haen it before dinner.*

The Arch Duke of Austria having been forced to raise the siege of the town of Grave in Holland, and to retreat privately in the night; Queen Elizabeth said to his ambassador here, What, your master is *risen from the grave* without sound of trumpet.

Soon after the death of a great officer, who was judged to have been no great advancer of the king's affairs; the king said to his solicitor, Bacon, who was a kinsman to that lord; Now, Bacon, tell me truly, what say you of your cousin? Bacon answered, since your majesty charges me to speak, I will deal plainly with you, and give you such a character of him, as though I was to write his history.—I do think he was not a fit counsellor to have made
your

your affairs better, yet he was fit to have kept them from growing worse.—On my soul, quoth the king, in the first thou speakest like a *true man*, and in the latter like a *kinsman*.

Lawyers and chambermaids, said a wicked young fellow, are like Balam's ass, they never speak unless they see an *angel*.

One being at his wife's funeral, and the bearers going pretty quick along, he cried out to them, Do not go so *fast*, what need we make a toil of a *pleasure*.

Among the articles exhibited to King Henry by the Irish, against the Earl of Kildare, the last concluded thus: And finally, all Ireland cannot rule the Earl.—Then, said the King, the Earl shall *rule all Ireland*; and so made him deputy.

A sea officer, who for his courage in a former engagement, where he had lost his leg, had been preferred to the command of a good ship; in the heat of the next engagement, a cannon ball took off his wooden deputy, so that he fell upon the deck; a seaman thinking he had been fresh wounded called for the surgeon; No, no, said the captain, the *carpenter will do*.

The late Sir Robert Henley having received a commission, constituting him captain of the *Etna*, fireship, was the same evening passing home to his lodgings, when a fine madam meeting him in the street, earnestly entreated the favor of a glass of wine; the baronet cursing her for a silly whore, said he was well content with *one fireship in a day*.

One seeing an affected coxcomb buying books, told him his bookseller was properly his upholster, for he furnished his *room* rather than his *head*.

The Empress of Germany asked a French officer if the Princess Royal of France was, as the world reported her, the most beautiful Princess in Europe. *I thought her so yesterday*, answered the polite Frenchman.

When the Gentleman who altered the comedy of the Capricious Lady, presented it to Mrs. A——; she observed, that he had cut away the character of *Roger*.—You are perfectly right, said Thalia, *Roger* is a very improper part for the *stage*, though very amusing in the *chamber*.

A person one day meeting old Beveridge, asked him how he did? Beveridge replied, if I answer you in Latin I am *sic, sic*; if in English, *so, so*. Well done, my old friend, says he, I think that is a good *so, so*, sort of a pun.

A wench complained to a justice, that Mr. Shuter would have *refreshed* her; Thou meanest, *ravished*, said the justice. Yes, Sir, said she, I meant so indeed. I warrant, replies the justice, this rogue has *ravished* thee many a time before now! Yes, Sir, said she (to aggravate the matter) *twenty times at least*.

A company of gossips, at a good woman's labour, when the business was over, begun to discourse about the walking of spirits, which some affirmed to have seen, while others doubted of their appearance. But at last, the midwife, whose judgment bore a great sway, delivered her judgment thus: For my part, I have gone up and down, all hours in the night, and yet, heaven be praised; I never saw any thing worse than myself; *though of my conscience, I believe I saw the devil once*.

Beau Nash soliciting a nobleman for a subscription to a public charity, his lordship being somewhat out of temper, put him off, telling him he would consider of it; but

J. M.

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Nash

Nash begged his lordship would give a positive answer then, yes or no. — To which the nobleman replied, *No, I tell you no*; I thank your lordship, says Nash, taking out his list, how much shall I set you down? What do you mean by thanking me? returned the nobleman, when I gave you a *negative*. Hold, my Lord, returned Nash, you said *No, twice*, and I need not inform your lordship, that *two negatives make an affirmative*! which repartee so pleased the nobleman, that he gave a handsome subscription.

A humourist asked a citizen the other day, whether *he would sooner kiss a pretty girl, or partake of a good feast*? The citizen honestly replied, that he would prefer the latter. To which the wag archly rejoined, I never thought you a man of the ton before, but I now find that you have *more taste than feeling*.

One seeing a painter write false English on a tombstone in a country church-yard, told him of it. *Phoh!* said he, I know what I do well enough; for the people here are so *penurious that they will not go to the charge of good English*.

One going into a public-house, where the landlord and his wife were sitting at supper, said, Well Mr. D——, have you read Mr. Paine's late publication; to which he replied in the affirmative, but entirely disapproved it. — How, said the other, Do you not approve, that a man has a right to get his bread where it is most convenient for him? — The landlord, after a moment's pause, admitted that there was no impropriety in that passage, that it was certainly right he should. — As you have given this your decided approbation, you cannot be offended at my following it, and *immediately decamped with a quartern loaf*, to the no small consternation of the publican and his family.

A gen-

A gentleman writing a letter to his wife, as he was sitting at a table at a coffee-house, perceived he was overlooked by an Irishman. After he had wrote a line or two, he goes on. My dear, I should be more particular, but that I am overlooked by an impudent Irish son of a whore, that stands behind me. *What do you mean, says Paddy, by abusing me in that manner? Do I overlook you?*

Mr. Harley falling into discourse with a sea officer, at Bath, and the discourse turning upon hunting, the captain gave the following description of a chase: Our horses being compleatly rigged, we manned them to their full complement, and the wind being at north and by east, at seven A. M. a fleet of twenty set sail over the downs. In about three-quarters of a watch we espied a hare under full gale; we tacked and stood after her, crouding all the sail we could; but coming close up with her, she tacked, and we tacked, upon which tack I had like to have run aground; however, getting close off, I stood after her again; but unluckily, just as we were going to lay her aboard, being too much wind, my horse and I overset and came keel upwards.

A fellow hearing one say, according to the Italian proverb, *that three women make a market with their chattering*: Nay, then, said he; *add my wife to them and they will make a fair.*

A poor man and a wealthy farmer had a law-suit; the poor man gave the lawyer a *pot of oil*, and was told that his cause was good; but no sooner was he gone, than the farmer came and presented a *fat hog*. The cause came on, and the farmer gained the day. The poor man, after the trial, went to expostulate with the lawyer, for his base conduct, saying, When I gave you the *pot of oil* you said my cause was good, but you have entirely neglected it. Poor man, said the lawyer, I am sorry for thee; but

you was no sooner gone, than a *fat hog came in and broke your pot of oil*, which put the cause quite out of my head.

A person bought a pair of horns, and brought them home ; his wife asked what he meant ; he said to hang his hat on. Good lord, says she, cannot you *keep your hat on your head* ?

Doctor Barton being in company with Doctor Nash, who had just printed two heavy folios, containing the antiquities of Worcestershire ; the warden humourously observed to the Doctor, that his publication was deficient in several respects. Dr. Nash, as was but natural, endeavoured to defend his volumes in the best manner he was able. Pray, Doctor, are you not a justice of the peace ? I am, replied the Doctor. Then, says Barton, I advise you to send your work to the *House of Correction*.

During the time of the attack on Sullivan's Island, General Lee was one day reconnoitering the communication made by the bridge of boats between that place and the continent. As the balls whistled about in abundance, he observed one of his aid de-camps, a very young man, to shrink every now and then, and by the motion of his body, wished to evade, if possible, the shot. 'Sdeath, Sir, cried Lee, what do you mean ? Do you dodge ? Do you know that the King of Prussia lost above an hundred aid de-camps in one campaign ? So I understand, Sir, replied the young officer ; *but I did not think you could spare quite so many*.

A lady asked an Irish gentleman how he liked Vestris, the dancer. Upon my shoul, said the Hibernian, I think *he handles his legs bravely*.



George

George Garrick, being one of Holland's executors, with his usual good nature, for no man possessed more; undertook to manage the funeral in a way suitable to his friend's circumstances, for which purpose he went to Chiswick, and ordered a decent vault, and such other preparations as he thought necessary. Holland's father was a baker. Foote was invited to the funeral, which he certainly attended with unfeigned sorrow; for, exclusive of the real concern for the loss of a convivial companion, whenever he had a serious moment he felt with very strong susceptibility. While the ceremony was performing, Garrick remarked to Foote, how happy he was, out of respect to his friend, to see every thing so decently conducted. You see, said he, what a snug family vault we have made here. Family vault! exclaimed Foote, with tears trickling down his cheeks. *Damme if I did not think it had been the family oven.*

A man was examined before Sir John Fielding upon a charge of a highway robbery, instituted by a gentleman of distinction, who swore positively to every circumstance of the robbery, but could not identify the person of the robber. In the course of the business the right honourable witness seemed extremely offended, that Sir John should pay the prisoner so much respect, and him, as he thought, so very little; for which discontent he received the following rebuke. *I am heartily sorry that you are offended at my softening the rigour of justice with a little humanity. The prisoner is entitled more to my attention than you are, because he is unfortunate. If he should be guilty, the law is severe enough without any exaggeration on my part; but if innocent, how could I excuse myself for adding insult to misfortune?*

Dignum, and Moses Keen, the mimic, were both taylor's and intimate friends. Bannister met them under the piazza, in covent-garden, arm in arm. I never see those two men together, said Charles, but they put me

in mind of one of Shakespeare's comedies. But which of them, Bannister, cries Dignum? Why, *Measure for Measure*.

An impertinent fellow, who was a stranger to Lord Guildford, asked him, in the pit of the opera, who that *plain lady* was, immediately before him?—That lady, said the noble lord, is my wife. It is true, that she is a *plain woman*. I am a *plain man*. You, I perceive, are a *plain dealer*; and that is the *plain truth*.

Shuter was one day at dinner in a promiscuous company, and as soon as the cloth was taken away, one of them got up, and entreated, as a particular favor, he would begin to be comical. Gad, said Shuter, *I forgot my fool's dress, but however, I'll go and fetch it, if you'll be my substitute till I return*. The man thought this very comical, and declared he would. Shuter then took his hat and cane, went away, and did not return at all.

At Ipswich, during the race week, the landlord of one of the principal inns had advertised his beds at a guinea a piece; and fearing, on account of the exorbitant demand, that visitors should be induced to take lodgings, he procured, with great cunning and industry, a promise from the other inhabitants, that they would ask the same price. What was the consequence? Ipswich is very large, and the strangers naturally said, if we can get lodgings no cheaper at private houses than at inns, we had better be where our horses can be taken care of. Thus *few private lodgings were let, the inns were full, and the landlords laughed at the credulity of their neighbours*.

An Italian, whose name was *Grimani*, after he had been in England about a month, happened, as he was strolling about, to find himself near Billingsgate, seeing him a foreigner, he was presently hustled about; and in short,
the

the fishwomen and watermen determined to give him what they termed a compleat black-guarding. Grimani, who scarcely understood a word of English, hearing the word *damn* frequently used, was struck as quick as lightning with the idea, that he could conquer them with their own weapons. He thought he had nothing to do but to think of a number of names unknown to the mob, and therefore began: damn Cicero, damn Plutarch, damn Aristotle, damn Demosthenes, damn Plato, damn Antaxageras, damn Scipio, damn Hanibal, damn Pliny, damn Agamemnon, damn Achilles, and thus he went on with extreme volubility, throwing his muscles, which was a thing extremely easy for him to do, into the utmost contortions, till at length one of the mob cried out, *damme, come along Jack, we stand no chance with this fellow, he black-guards ten times better than any of us van.*

When Sir Elijah Impey was on his passage from India, he was continually kept in his cabin from indisposition, while her ladyship was in very good health, and constantly on deck. One fine day she coaxed him out to enjoy a little air; and as he was walking the deck, it having blowed pretty hard the preceding day, a *shark* was playing by the side of the ship. Having never seen such an object before, he beckoned to one of the sailors, to tell him what it was. Being asked the question; Why don't you know, an't please your honour? said the Jack Tar. No, said Sir Elijah, what is the name of it? Why, replied the tar, I don't know what name they call 'em by ashore, but here we call 'em *sea lawyers*.

A foolish stage-struck youth ran away from his friends, and got among a most low and miserable set of strollers. A relation, after a time, discovered him just as he was going on the stage in *King Richard*; and on his reading him a pretty severe lecture on his folly and disobedience,

received an answer suitable to all the ridiculous consequence and assumed pomp of a mock monarch. To this he answered: These are fine lofty words; but 'tis a great pity, Mr. King Richard, *that you cannot afford to buy a better pair of shoes.* The actor, looking at his toes, which were staring him in the face, without losing his vivacity, cried out: *Shoes! O damme, shoes are things we Kings don't stand upon.*

A noble commander, because he could not conceal it, was continually boasting of his rise from a private man. His constant expression was, did you ever see me do so and so, when I was a private foldier. One day, in the Island of St. Eustatius, as he was reviewing his troops, he took notice of a man in the ranks who was very dirty. Going up to him: How dare you, said he, appear in that nasty condition before me; your shirt is as black as ink; did you ever see me with such a dirty shirt? No, your honour, answered the poor man; to be sure, your honor, I never did; but then your honour will please to recollect, that your honour's mother was a *washer woman.*

In one of the engagements with the French at Cuddalore, during the late war, the 101st regiment gave way, and their places were immediately supplied by a battallion of black infantry. — A gentleman shortly afterwards in company with Colonel Kennedy, then of the Madras Artillery, and conversing on the subject, said he was surprised that they gave way; and so am I too, said the Colonel, for they are all *tried* men. How can you make out that? says the gentlemen, for they are a new regiment. Oh! by J——s, says the Colonel, they were all long since *tried at the Old Bailey.*

An unfashionable gentleman called on his taylor to pay his bill soon after the receipt of it, but not meeting with him at home, mentioned to his wife, that a pair of silk breeches

breeches was charged which he never ordered. I was always willing to please my husband's customers, and if you will just step into the next room, *I will take off your breeches immediately.*

A Duchess, hearing that a man in a high post, where he had an opportunity to finger a great deal of money, had married his kept mistress; *Dear me, said she, that fellow is always robbing the public.*

A lawyer and his clerk riding on the road, the clerk desired to know what was the chief point of the law; His master said, if he would promise to pay for their suppers that night he would tell him; which he agreed to. Why then, said the master, *good witnesses are the chief points in law.* When they came to the inn, the master bespoke a couple of fowls for supper; and when they had supped, told the clerk to pay for them, according to agreement. O, Sir, says he, where is your *good witness?*

It was said of a certain country squire, at his return from his travels to France, by which he was greatly altered, though not in the least improved, that he went there a *leaden image*, but was returned one of *plaisier of paris.*

A gentleman was joking with a physician, in the presence of Mr. Farquhar, concerning the faculty's wearing swords, saying, he thought it an absurd custom, as theirs ought to be a dress rather of gravity than gaiety, and therefore should leave the sword to the military, and other gentlemen. But Mr. Farquhar insisted it was quite a necessary custom; and upon being asked his reasons for it, replied, in order that they may defend themselves against the resentment of the *friends and relations of the many patients they now send out of the world.*

On a trial at the Admiralty Sessions, for shooting a sea-man, the council for the crown asked one of the witnesses, which he was for, plaintiff or defendant.—Plaintiff or defendant! says the sailor, scratching his head, *why I don't know what you mean by plaintiff or defendant. I come to speak for that man there!* pointing at the prisoner.—You are a pretty fellow for a witness, says the council, *not to know what plaintiff and defendant means!* Some time after, being asked by the same council, what part of the ship he was in at the time; *abast the binnaele, my lord,* says the sailor. *Abast the binnaele!* replied the barrister; *what part of the ship is that?* Ha! ha! ha! chuckled the sailor, *are you not a pretty fellow for a counsellor,* (pointing archly at him with his finger) *not to know what abast the binnaele is!*

A nobleman telling the husband of a lady remarkably beautiful, that he could never look at his wife without breaking the tenth commandment. Your lordship, replied the gentleman, is welcome to break the *tenth commandment as often as you please, provided you do not break the seventh.*

The duchess of Dorset sent a card of invitation to Mr. Pitt, with her respects, and to request his company to dinner at ten o'clock the next day; when he returned for answer, he was sorry he could not attend her Grace's invitation, as he was engaged to *sup at nine o'clock the same day with the Bishop of Lincoln.*

A young gentleman having the misfortune to bury five wives, being in company with a number of ladies, was severely rallied by them upon the circumstance. At last one of them put the question to him, how he managed to have such good luck: Why, madam, says he, I knew they could not live without *contradiction, therefore I let them go their own way.*

The late Dr. Young had occasion to pay a visit to archbishop Potter's son, then Rector of Chiddingstone, near Tunbridge. This gentleman lived in a country where the roads were deep and miry. Dr. Young, after much danger and difficulty, arrived at the house, when he enquired whose field that was he had just crossed. It is mine, answered his friend. True, said the poet, *Potter's field to bury strangers.*

Sir Walter Raleigh one day smoking in his study, inadvertently called to his man to bring him a tankard of small beer; when the fellow entered the room, he threw all the liquor in his master's face, and running down stairs, bawled out, fire! fire! *Sir Walter has studied till his head is on fire, and the smoke bursts out of his mouth and nose.*

Dr. Hough, bishop of Worcester, who was as remarkable for the evenness of his temper as for many other good qualities, having a large company at his house, a gentleman present desired his lordship to shew him a curious weather-glass, which the bishop had lately purchased, and which cost him above thirty guineas. The servant was accordingly desired to bring it, who on delivering it to the gentleman, accidentally let it fall, and broke it all to pieces. The company were all a little deranged, but particularly the gentleman who asked to see it, who was making many apologies for the accident. Be under no concern, my dear sir, said the bishop, smiling; I think it is rather a lucky omen, we have hitherto had a very dry season, and now I hope we shall have some rain, *for I protest I do not remember ever to have seen the glass so low in my life.*

A certain captain, remarkable for his uncommon height, being one day at the rooms at Bath, a lady noticing him, enquired who he was; when she was informed of his family

mily and connexions, and that he had been originally intended for the church; to which she replied, he was better suited for the *steeple*.

A gentleman observing in a genteel assembly, that Dr. Graham, notwithstanding the notorious indelicacy of his lectures, was a man of such humanity, that he could not reconcile to himself the idea of feeding on animal food, and even wished, if possible, to be clothed, as well as fed, from the vegetable productions of the earth. *To clothe the doctor then, in his own way*, said a lady, as remarkable for her vivacity as her beauty and virtue, his neckcloth should certainly be made of hemp.

A gentleman lately deceased, who was much employed by the nobility to superintend works of taste, having finished an expensive head-piece to a canal, for a certain noble duke; after some short time it was discovered to leak; on which the duchess, expressing some disapprobation, the designer pertly replied: *I thought your Grace had known it is the fashion of the times to run out.*

Mr. Hare, formerly the envoy to Poland, had apartments in the same house with Mr. Fox, and like his friend Charles, had frequent dealings with the monied Israelites. One morning, as he was looking out of his window, he observed several of the tribe assembled at the door, for admittance: Pray, gentlemen, says he, are you Fox-hunting, or Hare-hunting this morning?

A man, whose wife had been for some time indisposed, going home one evening, was informed by the servant that she was dead. Well, said the gentleman, I am going to club, send for me if I should be wanted. In about two hours he returned, and was going to bed as usual; when the maid cried out: *Lord, sir, don't go there! I have made a bed for you in the other chamber.* Yes, but I will, Betty, returned

turned he : *I never yet had a peaceable day with her, and am determined to have one quiet night before we part.*

Demetrius, king of Macedon, frequently retired from business, to indulge in sensual pleasures : on such occasions, however, he usually feigned indisposition. His father, Antigonus, coming one day to visit him, during his pretended illness, saw a beautiful young lady retire from his chamber. Demetrius, the instant he beheld his fire, told him that the fever had just left him. *I believe you, my son,* said Antigonus, *for I think I met it at the door.*

As a press-gang, during the late war, were patrolling round Smithfield, they laid hold of a man tolerably well dressed ; who pleaded, that being a gentleman, he was not liable to be impressed : *Haul him along,* cries one of the tars ; *he is the very man we want ; we press a damned number of blackguards, and are cursedly at a loss for a gentleman to teach them good manners.*

Henry the Eighth of England, and Francis the First of France, were both princes of very warm temper ; and the former having a design of sending an angry message to the latter, pitched on Sir Thomas Moore, his Chancellor, for the messenger. Sir Thomas having received his instructions, told Henry, that he feared if he carried such a message to so violent a man as Francis, it might cost him his head. *Never fear, man,* said the King, *if Francis was to cut off your head, I would make every Frenchman now in my power at least a head shorter.* I am much obliged to your majesty, replied the facetious chancellor, *but I am much in doubt if any of their heads will fit my shoulders.*

A young country girl in Lombardy, running after her she-ass, which was in haste to get up to her foal, passed a gentleman on the road ; who observing her look very buxom, and having a mind to be witty, called out, whence
do

o you come, sweetheart? From Villejuiff, fir, said she. From Villejuiff! answered the gentleman; and do you know the daughter of Nicholas Guillot, who lives there? Very well, replied the girl. Be so kind then, returned he, as to carry her a kiss from me; and throwing his arms round her neck, was about to salute her. Hold, fir, cried the girl, disentangling herself from his rude embrace, since you are in such a hurry, it will be better to give your kiss to my ass, as she will be there some time before me.

A patriotic candidate applied to a yeoman of a certain county for his vote, promising to exert his influence to turn out the ministry, and procure a fresh set. Then I won't vote for you, cried the farmer. Why not? said the patriot; I thought you a friend to your country.—So I am, replied the yeoman, and for that reason I am not for a change in the ministry. I know well enough how it is with my hogs; when I buy them in lean, they eat the devil and all, but when they have once got a little fat, the keeping them is not near so expensive; so that I am for keeping the present set, as they will devour much less than a new one.

Dr. Roger Long, the famous astronomer, walking one dark evening with Mr. Bomfoyl, in Cambridge, and the latter coming to a short post fixed in the pavement; which in the earnestness of conversation he took to be a boy standing in his way, said, hastily, Get out of my way boy! That boy, fir, said the doctor, very calmly, is a post-boy, who never turns out of his way for any body.

A sailor passing by a cooper's shop, and seeing a number of tubs piled above each other at the door, began to kick and tumble them about the street. The master coming out, and desiring to know the reason of the strange proceeding.—Damn it, replied Jack, why should not every tub stand upon its own bottom.

A cer-

A certain pope being informed that some Jews were desirous of the honour of an audience, said—*Jews! No, how can they expect to be admitted, who were the murderers of our dear Saviour!* But hearing afterwards that they were much afflicted at his refusal, having brought a very valuable present for his holiness, as a token of their respect, he cried, with a seeming careless concern, *Well, well, admit them, poor uninformed ignorant wretches, they knew not what they were doing.*

An honest peasant, settled in a small village, where in a short time he gained the good will of all his neighbours, he had, however, the misfortune to lose one of his best milch cows in the first year, which grieved him exceedingly; while his wife, who was an excellent manager, took it so much at heart, that she absolutely fell sick, and died. The good man lamented the loss of his help-mate with the most unaffected sorrow, and remained for some months quite inconsolable. His neighbours now thought it their duty to reason him into resignation.—*My friend, said one of them, the wife you have lost was really an excellent woman, but still you have a good remedy; you are a young and honest man, and you will find no difficulty in procuring another. For my part, continued he, I have three daughters, and I shall be happy to call you son-in-law. Another, on this, offered him his sister; and a third, his niece.—Good God!* exclaimed the mourner, *what a strange place this is! since a man who lives here had better lose his wife than his cow: My wife is dead, and lo! you tell me I may pick and chuse, to supply her place: but when my poor cow died, nobody ever thought of offering me another.*

A sailor, half groggy, passing along the street of a certain sea port town, discovered over an admiral's door, an escutcheon, and very naturally took it for an ale-house.—The gentleman (a ruddy looking portly man) standing at the door, he clapped him on the shoulder, *Damn it, land-lord, you look like an honest fellow, give us a cup of the best.—*
The

The gentleman, to carry on the joke, ordered his servant to bring him some beer, which being done, the jolly tar, drank towards the landlord's good health, and enquired what was to pay, which the officer told him he might settle the next time he came that way.

¹ One Sunday, during the last summer, while the weather was extremely hot, the windows of a certain parish church, in the diocese of Gloucester, were set open, to admit more air, while the congregation were assembled for divine service. Just as the clergyman was beginning his weekly discourse) who by the bye was not much celebrated for his oratorical powers) a jack-ass which had been grazing in the church yard, popped his head in at a window, and began braying with all his might, as if in opposition to the reverend preacher. On this a wag present, immediately got from his seat, and with great gravity of countenance, exclaimed, *One at a time, gentlemen, if you please!* The whole congregation set up a loud laugh, when the jack-ass took fright, and gave up the contest; though, from the clergyman's chagrin and confusion, he would probably not have been the worst orator.

The late king of Prussia asked Sir Robert Sutton, at a review of his tall grenadiers, if he thought an equal number of Englishmen could beat them? I will not affirm, said Sir Robert, that an equal number could beat them, but *I really believe from my soul, that half the number would be willing to try.*

An old Roman soldier being involved in a law-suit, implored the protection of Augustus; who referred him to one of his courtiers, for an introduction to the judges. On which the brave veteran, piqued at the emperor's coolness, exclaimed—*I did not use your highness thus, when you was in danger at the battle of Actium; but fought for you myself!* disclosing, at the same time, several wounds he had received on that memorable occasion. The retort so affected Augustus,

Augustus, that he is said to have personally pleaded the soldier's cause.

Few people were greater admirers of prudence and economy than Sir Richard Steele was, in precept; yet nothing could be more disagreeable to his temper than the practice of either. A turn naturally gay and expensive frequently reduced him to difficulties, and exposed him to some circumstances rather painful to a disposition so delicate and refined. Among the number of people who were highly charmed with his conversation and writings, none professed a greater admiration of both than a Lincolnshire baronet, who usually met at Button's. This gentleman possessed a very large fortune, had great interest, and more than once solicited Sir Richard Steele to command his utmost ability, and he should think himself under no little obligation. These offers, though made with the most seeming cordiality, Sir Richard, however, declined, with a grateful politeness, peculiar to himself, as at that time he stood in no need of the gentleman's assistance. But some instance of extravagance having once reduced him to the necessity of borrowing a sum of money, to satisfy an importunate creditor, he thought this a very proper opportunity of calling on his friend, and requesting the loan of an hundred pounds for a few days. The gentleman received him with much civility and respect, began to renew his offer of service, and begged Sir Richard would give him some occasion to shew his friendship and regard. Why, sir, says Sir Richard, I came for that very purpose; *and if you can lend me an hundred pounds for a few days, I shall consider it a favor.* Had Sir Richard clapped a pistol to his breast, and made a peremptory demand of his money, the gentleman could not have appeared in a greater surprise than at this unexpected request. His offers of friendship had been made only on a supposition of their never being accepted, and intended only as so many baits for Sir Richard's intimacy and acquaintance; of which the gentleman, while it cost him

him nothing, was particulatly proud. Recovering, however, from his surprise, he stammered out, *Why really, Sir Richard, I would serve you to the utmost in my power, but at present I have not twenty guineas in the house.*—Sir Richard, who saw the pitiful evasion, and was heartily vexed at the meanness and excuse. And so, Sir, says he, you have drawn me in to expose the situation of my affairs, with a promise of assistance, and now refuse me any mark of your friendship or esteem. A disappointment I can bear, but must by no means put up with an insult; therefore be so obliging as to consider, whether it is more agreeable to comply with the terms of my request, or to submit to the consequence of my resentment. Sir Richard spoke this in so determined a tone of voice, that the baronet was startled, and said, seeming to recollect himself:—Lord! my dear Sir Richard, I beg ten thousand pardons; upon my honour I did not remember—Bless me, I have an hundred pound note in my pocket, which is entirely at your service. So saying, he produced the note, which Sir Richard immediately put up; and then addressed him in the following manner: *Though I despise an obligation from a person of so mean a cast as I am satisfied you are; yet, rather than be made a fool, I choose to accept this hundred pound, which I shall return when it suits my conveniency.*—But that the next favor may be conferred with a better grace, I must take the liberty of pulling you by the nose, as a proper expediency to preserve your recollection. Which Sir Richard accordingly did, and then took his leave of the poor baronet, who was not a little surpris'd at the oddity of his behaviour.

Lord M——— on a visit the other day to Carlton house, was struck with amazement at the prince's Highlander, against whose knee-span his lordship by accident brushed his nose. The highlander *bo'd doon*, and hoped he had not offended; and this his lordship took so kindly, that he put a piece of money in his hand, and at the same time said, *you are one of the most extraordinary animals I ever saw!*

saw! The highlander, with peculiar archness, refused the money, saying, *My Lord, we naw tak any thing from one a nother.*

Jack Quick last season at Brighton, after having sweated through a long play and farce, was regaling himself behind the scenes with a tankard of brown stout—when Lord Barrymore was applauding him with, *Well done, old Barnaby.*—I thank your Lordship, I was old Barnaby, but at present I am stout Little John.

When Quick was playing, (as he lately did with some applause) Richard the Third, for his benefit, a wag enquiring what could induce him to sport himself in tragedy—when he was answered :

*Be it for better, be it for worse,
The Treasurer says it weightens the purse.*

It is to be remembered, that this excellent comedian, who so inimitably portrays the old character, made his debuts in Alexander the Great, Lear, Hamlet, and a long list of *et cetera* characters.

Mrs. Woffington, who often performed in men's cloaths, saying one day, in the green room, that she imagined half the town took her for a man.—No, no, says Mrs. Clive ; you must certainly be mistaken, *for above half the town know you to be a woman.*

A quaker enquiring after the health of a certain nobleman, was told that he was excessively afflicted with the gravel ; I am glad of it, says the quaker.—How ! cried the other, glad that his lordship is troubled with the gravel ! I tell you, friend, I am glad, replied the quaker, extremely glad ; *because I hope, since he is so much gravelled, that he will endeavour to mend his ways.*

A cour-

A courtier of queen Elizabeth's, whom she had long encouraged to hope for some favour, vexed at repeated disappointments, was one morning walking pensively in her garden, when her majesty, calling to him from a window, said, *Sir Edward, what does a man think of when he thinks of nothing?* the knight, after a moment's pause, with a very low bow, answered—*Of a woman's promise, Madam!* When the queen, who was moved at this reply, drawing instantly back, said to those about her, *I must not confuse him; anger makes dull men witty, but it keeps them poor.*

A French ambassador, at the court of queen Christiana, after having seen the best parts of her kingdom, being asked by her majesty, how he liked poor Sweden; he replied—*Aye, poor Sweden, indeed! madam; for by the mass, if the whole country were mine, I would give every inch of it for a farm in France or England.*

An old French gentleman once complained that he had been cheated by a monk, when Senteuil, who was himself of that order, being present, said to him, *I am surprised, sir, that a person of your years and discretion should not yet know a monk.*

An Irishman meeting with one whom he had made a slight acquaintance a long time before, accosted him with, *Arrah by my shoul my dear honey, I am glad to see you now; but by my faith, joy, I have forgotten whether it be you or your brother.*

An Apothecary, who used to value himself on his skill in the nature of drugs, asserted, in a company of physicians, that all bitter things were hot. No, said a gentleman present, there is one of a very different quality, I am sure; *and that is a bitter cold day.*

Erasmus, who was of a sickly constitution, and had therefore obtained a dispensation for eating of flesh in
times

times of abstinence, being reproached by the pope, for not observing lent. *I assure your holiness,* said he, *that my heart is a Catholic one, but I must confess that I have a Lutheran stomach.*

Dryden's translation of Virgil being commended by a right reverend bishop, in the presence of a very witty earl: *The original is indeed excellent,* said his lordship, *but every thing suffers by translation, except a bishop.*

It was customary with Marshal Bassompierre, when any of his soldiers were brought before him for heinous offences, to say to them, *By G—d, brother, you or I will certainly be hanged!* which was a sufficient denunciation of their fate. A spy being discovered in his camp, was addressed in this language; and the next day, as the provost was carrying the wretch to the gallows, he pressed earnestly to speak with the Marshal, alledging that he had somewhat of importance to communicate. The Marshal being made acquainted with this request, exclaimed, in his rough and hasty manner, *It is the way of all these rascals; when ordered for execution, they pretend some frivolous story, merely to reprieve themselves for a few moments: however, bring the dog hither.* Being introduced, the Marshal asked what he had to say? *Why, my lord,* said the culprit, *when first I had the honour of your conversation, you was obliging enough to say, that either you or I should be hanged: now I am come to know, if it is your pleasure to be so; because if you won't, I must, that's all.*—The Marshal was so pleased with the fellow's humour, that he ordered him to be released.

Dr. Johnson, travelling in the north of Scotland, could not see a house or tree in riding a great many mile, nothing but desolation and barrenness every where presenting themselves before his view; till at last he cast his eyes on a crow, that was perched on the stump of an old tree,

tree, kawing with great violence for want of food, which the doctor observing, could not help crying out, *Kaw, kaw, kaw, and be damn'd, if you will stay in such a country as this, when you have wings to fly away.*

A gentleman being confined to his chamber with the gout, gave his watch to an Irish footman, and bade him set it by the dial in the garden; Teague goes directly to the dial, but not knowing what to do, and being unwilling to return to his master, without shewing he would do him what service he was able, he got a pickaxe, and dug up the sun-dial; which being done, he, with great labour carried it up to his master, and told him he did not very well understand setting watches by sun-dials, but had brought up the dial that he might set his watch by it himself.

An Irish Counsellor having lost his cause, which had been tried before three Judges, one of whom was esteemed a very able lawyer, and the other two but indifferent, some of the other counsellors were very merry on the occasion. Well, now, says he, who the devil could help it, when there was an hundred Judges on the bench? An hundred! said a slander-by, there were but three.—By St. Patrick, replies he, *there was a figure of one and two cyphers.*

Diogenes being asked how he could live in a nasty tub, when he might bask in the favor of a court, replied, It is true, I am deprived of the smiles of kings; but I don't find the sun is more ashamed of my tub than it is of a palace.

A quack, who had affected an unlucky phrase at every turn, cried, *So much the better!* Visiting a patient almost in the agony of death, he asked how he slept that night.—Not a wink, sir; *So much the better,* cries the doctor.—He then enquired, how his fever was: O Lord! says the patient, I burn as if I were on fire; *So much the better,* quoth the

the quack.—How does your cough? I spit up my lungs, replied the sick man; *So much the better, still,* answers the quack. *Ah! dear doctor,* quoth the expiring patient, *what a pity it is that a man should go out of this world with all these fine symptoms.*

A plain country fellow coming up to London, was requested to enquire after a gentleman, and to deliver him a letter. It happened that the gentleman himself came to the door; and, willing to joke with the fellow, told him he had lost his labour, for the party after whom he enquired was hanged the last session for a robbery. For a robbery! quoth the countryman: Now, fie upon him for a vile, wicked man! *was he not content to be a notorious cuckold (for so he was reckoned in the country) but he must turn thief too!*

A country lass coming up to town to seek her fortune, had the good luck to be hired to an old rich mercer, who was a batchelor, and whom she pleased so well, that at last he married her. Her brother Dick, the chief of her own kindred, who was a downright honest ploughman, hearing of his sister's promotion, put on his holiday cloaths, took up his quarter's wages, and came up to London: and knowing the street by the direction of a letter, though not the house, enquired from door to door for his sister Joan, who had lately married her master; till at last he was lucky enough to find the right, where he was highly welcomed. Being at dinner, the old mercer said, *Well, brother-in-law, as I now must call you, I am glad to see you, or any of my wife's relations; she has been a good servant to me, and I hope she will make as good a wife! we have a plentiful estate, and all I wish for is a son to inherit it, which yet we have no hopes of.* At this, Dick, looking wistfully at his sister, bluntly cried, *How now, Joan; what art thou turned a barren sow in London? thou wast not reckoned so in the country!* And though she frowned, beckoned, and made dumb signs for him to hold his peace, still he went on.—
Well,

Well, brother, continued he, *as for an heir, you need not trouble yourself much about that; for she has a thumping boy in the country, got by Will Dobs, her master's threshers; and the parish would be glad enough to be discharged of it.*

At a late masquerade, a certain lady of high fashion asked a young nobleman, why he had not brought his sister to that heaven. Truly, madam, answered his lordship, *my sister, happily for her, has no such angelic notions.*

A gentleman being at dinner at a friend's house, the first thing that came upon the table was a dish of whittings; and one being put upon his plate he found it stink so much that he could not touch it. However he laid his mouth down to the fish, as if he was whispering to it; and then took up the plate and put it to his own ear.—The gentleman, at whose table he was seated, enquiring into the meaning of this extraordinary behaviour; he told him that he had lost a brother at sea about a fortnight ago, and was asking that fish if he knew any thing of him.—Well, said the gentleman, pleasantly, and what answer did he make you? Why, replied the other very gravely, he told me that he could not possibly give me any account of my deceased brother, *as he had not been at sea these three weeks.*

At Croydon affizes, a surgeon was called as a witness, for the purpose of proving damages upon an action for an assault. He deposed that he bled the plaintiff; and being asked upon oath, if bleeding had been necessary, candidly answered, *We always find it necessary to do something when sent for.*

A little gentleman of the long robe having a dispute with a remarkably bulky barrister, the big man threatened to put him in his pocket: If you do so, said the dapper, *you will have more law in your pocket than ever you had in your head.*

Three young conceited wits, as they thought themselves, passing along the road near Oxford, met a grave old gentleman, with whom they had a mind to be rudly merry : Good-morrow, father Abraham, said one : Good-morrow, father Isaac, said the next : Good-morrow, father Jacob, cried the last. I am neither Abraham, Isaac, nor Jacob, replied the old gentleman, but Saul, the son of Kish, *who went out to seek his father's asses, and lo ! here I have found them.*

A country curate being one Friday in Lent to examine his young Catechumens, and the bell tolling for prayers, he was obliged to leave a game of All Fours unfinished, in which he had the advantage ; but told his antagonist he would soon dispatch his audience, and see him out. Now for fear any tricks should be played with the cards in his absence, he put them in his cassock ; and asking one of the children how many commandments there were, which the boy not readily answering, by accident one of the cards dropped out of his sleeve ; he had the presence of mind to bid the boy take it up, and tell him what card it was : which he readily did ; When turning to the parents of the child : Are you not ashamed, said he, to pay such little regard to the eternal welfare of your children, as not to teach them their commandments ? *I suspected your neglect, and brought this card with me, to detect your immorality, in teaching your children to know their cards before their commandments.*

An ingenious young gentleman, at the University of Oxford, being appointed to preach before the Vice-Chancellor, and the heads of the colleges at St. Mary's, and having formerly observed the drowsiness of the Vice-Chancellor, took this place of scripture for his text. *What ! cannot ye watch one hour ?* At every division he concluded with his text ; which, by reason of the Vice-Chancellor sitting so near the pulpit, often awaked him. This was so noted among the wits, that it was the jest of the whole University, and withal it did so nettle the Vice-Muf. G Chancellor

Chancellor, that he complained to the archbishop of Canterbury, who, willing to redress him, sent for this scholar up to London, to defend himself against the crime laid to his charge; where coming, he gave so many proofs of his extraordinary wit, that the Archbishop enjoined him to preach before King James. After some excuses, he at length consented; and coming into the pulpit, begins, *James the first and sixth, waver not*: meaning the first King of England, and the sixth of Scotland. At first the king was somewhat amazed at the text, but in the end was so well pleased with his sermon, that he made him one of his chaplains in ordinary. After this advancement, the Archbishop sent him down to Oxford to make his recantation to the Vice-Chancellor, and to take leave of the University, which he accordingly did, and took the latter part of the verse of the former text:—*Sleep on now, and take your rest*. Concluding his sermon, he made his apology to the Vice-Chancellor, saying, Whereas I said before, which gave offence, *What, cannot you watch one hour?* I say now, *Sleep on, and take your rest*; and so left the University.

A humorous affair occurred during the Luggershal election. A country dealer having occasion to go that way and observing several coaches preparing to set off with some of the voters from this city, stepped into one of them, and unnoticed partook of all the good things attendant on the journey!—When he finally alighted at the place of destination, one of the agents observing him to be without a ribband, very civilly asked him to accept of a favor.—*Favor, sir*, replied the other, *I am very well satisfied with the favour I have already received, and as I am not qualified to return you the favor of a vote, I cannot think of accepting any more.*

A plain country fellow, born in Essex, coming to London, which place he had never seen before. As he walked in a certain street, not a great way from Mark-lane, espied a rope hanging at a merchant's door, with a handle

handle to it, and wondering what it meant, he took it in his hand, and played with it to and fro; at length, pulling it hard, he heard a bell ring. It so happened, that the merchant being near the door, went himself and demanded what [the fellow would have. Nothing, Sir, said he, I did but play with this pretty thing which hangs at your door. What countryman are you, said the merchant. An Essex man, an't please you, replied the other. I thought so, said the merchant, for I have often heard say, that *if a man beat a bush in Essex, there presently comes forth a calf*. It may be so, replied the countryman, and I think *a man can no sooner ring a bell in London, but out pops a cuckold*.

A gentlewoman delighting in a plurality of lovers, chanced to admit to her embraces two gentlemen who loved one another entirely, but were unacquainted with each other's intrigue. One of them having lain with this gentlewoman one night, lost his ring in the bed, which the other found in the morning after. The day following the first sees it on his friend's finger. After a great many arguings about it, they came to understand one another's intrigue. The man who lost it demands his ring, the other refuses; at last it was agreed that it should be left to the next comer-by, who should have the ring. It chanced to be the husband of the woman, who hearing the whole matter, adjudged *the ring should belong to him who owned the sheets*. Marry then, said they, *for your excellent judgment you shall have the ring*.

A gentleman riding near the forest of Whichwood, in Oxfordshire, asked a fellow, what that wood was called. He said, Whichwood, Sir. Why, that wood, I tell thee. He still said, Whichwood. I think, said the gentleman, thou art as senseless as the wood that grows there. I may be so, replied the other, *but you know not Whichwood*.

A conceited person, after he had written several verses in praise of his mistress, beginning first with her head, and so proceeding upon every member down to her feet, missing no part but her neck: Oh, said one, there is good reason for that, *he reserves the neck verse for himself, knowing he shall have occasion for it hereafter.*

A noble lord, when he was under the tuition of the Reverend ———, who used to call him his little chancellor, one day replied, that when he was so he would give him a good living. One happening to fall soon after he was chancellor, he recollected his promise, and ordered the presentation to be filled up for his old master, who soon after came to his lordship, to remind him of his promise, and to ask him for this living. Why, really, said my lord, *I wish you had come a day sooner, but I have given it away already, and when you see to whom, I dare say you will not think me to blame;* so putting the presentation into his hands, convinced him that he had not forgot his promise.

A person not belonging to Merton College, put his horse into a field thereunto appertaining; being warned of so doing, and he taking no notice thereof, the master of that college sent his man to him, bidding him say, if he continued his horse there, he would cut off his tail. Say you so? said the parson: Go tell your master, if he cuts off my horse's tail, I will cut off his ears. The servant returning, told his master what he said; whereupon he was sent back to bring the person to him; who appearing, said the master, How now, Sir, what mean you by that menace you sent me? Sir, said the other, I threatened you not, for I only said, *if you cut off my horse's tail, I would cut off his ears.*

A youth standing by whilst his father was at play observing him to lose a deal of money, burst into tears. His father asked him the reason why he wept? Oh, Sir, I have heard that Alexander the Great wept when he
heard

heard his father Philip had conquered a great many towns, cities, and countries, fearing he would leave him nothing to win ; but I weep the contrary way, *fearing you will leave me nothing to lose.*

A rich citizen of London, in his will, left something considerable to Christ's Hospital, but little or nothing to one of his extravagant sons. At the funeral the Blue-coat boys were ordered, in acknowledgment of so great a gift, to sing before the corpse to the grave. As they marched along Cheapside this extravagant son led his mother, who, observing the boys made a rest, he opened his pipes in such a manner, that he was heard almost from one end of the street to the other ; and still leading his mother, he continued thus singing till a kinsman came to him, and stopping his mouth, asked him his reason for his irreverent and indecent carriage. Why, cousin, said he, *the boys there at my father's death sing for something, and will not you let me sing for nothing ?*

A bridegroom, the first night he was in bed with his bride, said unto her, When I solicited your chastity, if you had condescended, I would never have made you my wife, for I did it only to try thee. Faith, said she, I did imagine as much, *but I had been cozened so three or four times before, and I was resolved to be fooled no more.*

A Lord intending to take in great part of a common belonging to a town, had agreed with the carpenter to have it railed in. My Lord, says he, it shall be done, and I think I can save you some charges in the business: For, says he, do you but get posts, and I doubt not *but all the neighbours round about will find you railing enough.*

A young Italian gentleman being led by curiosity into Holland, where having lived some time, conversing with the most ingenious, was one day set upon by a Protestant minister, who would needs engage him in a controversy

about religion. The young gentleman knowing himself too weak for the encounter, begged his pardon, and endeavoured to wave the discourse; but the more he avoided it, the more hotly he was pressed by the minister, whereupon the young Italian, in a very great passion, conjured him by all that is good, to let him alone in peace with his religion. For, said he, I cannot embrace yours, *and if you make me lose my own, I will never make choice of any other.*

A brave Dutch captain being commanded by his colonel to go on a dangerous exploit against the French, with forces that were unlikely to atchieve the enterprize, the captain advised the colonel to send but half so many men? Why so, said the colonel? Because, replied the captain, *they are enough to be killed.*

A person of quality coming into the church, to the place where several of his ancestors were buried: after he had said much in their commendation, and praised them for worthy men, Well, said he, *I am resolved, if I live, to be buried as near them as possible.*

The Bishop of D——m had a slovenly custom of keeping one hand always in his breeches, and being one day to bring a bill into the House of Peers, relating to a provision for officers widows, he came with the papers in one hand, and the other, as usual, in his breeches; and beginning to speak, I have something in my hand, my Lords, said he, for the benefit of the officers widows. Upon which the Duke of Wharton immediately interrupted him, asked, *In which hand, my Lord?*

In consequence of a great clamour made at Covent-Garden Theatre, on the evening of Edwin's benefit, on their being disappointed of a Prologue to a new farce, as was promised, Mr. Edwin came on the stage and assured them, the gentleman that had undertaken it had
broke

broke his word, having faithfully promised to send it him that morning, which he had not done ; and besides, good folks, cried a wag in the pit, consider this is the *first of April*, therefore do not let us be out of humour at being made fools of, according to ancient custom. This stroke set the house in a roar, and the piece went on without any further interruption.

One evening, in a riot at the stage door of Drury-lane, a performer wounded a young fellow (who had drawn his sword upon him) slightly in the hand. The spark presently after came into one of the green boxes, over the stage door—The play was *Macbeth* ; and in the fine soliloquy, where he sees the imaginary dagger, the tragedian repeated *and on thy blade are drops of reeking blood*. The young fellow bawls out, *Ay, reeking indeed ! what does your conscience prick you ? you rascal, that's my blood you drew just now*. The actor giving him a severe side glance, replied, just loud enough to be heard by him, *Damn your blood, I say* ; and then, without the least hesitation, went on with the speech, so that the major part of the audience scarce noticed the interruption.

A London rider, returning home from a long journey, very much fatigued, went to sleep at night without performing some duties, which his wife thought it necessary and indispensable for him to go through. The next morning, on going into the kitchen, he saw his boots burning upon the fire, and his spurs broke. Upon enquiring into the cause, his wife replied, *Why, my dear, what occasion have you for boots or spurs when you have left off riding ?*

It is well known to those who are in the habits of visiting the treasury, that the first lord's office is upon the first floor, that of the secretary of state, at the top of the building. Towards the latter end of 1783, when Lord North came into Mr. Fox's administration, as

secretary of state, the first day he attended office, thinking of his former situation, he was for turning into the old apartments. No, my lord, says a person with him, your present office is much higher up. Is it so, says his lordship, why then I find the truth of the old proverb, *farther on and fare worse*.

A merry fellow went to the celebrated Dr. Graham, and finding him within, begged to speak with him in the most private manner; the Doctor accordingly took him into a room secluded almost from light, and then begged him to explain his case. The fellow urged on the Doctor the utmost secrecy, saying, if it should come by any means to his friend's ears, he should be ruined, &c. The Doctor assured him of his taciturnity. Well, says the fellow, I believe, Doctor, you are the only man that can cure me. The Doctor replied, he had no doubt but, let his case be ever so desperate, he could effect a perfect cure. The fellow then begged to describe his disorder, which he did in the following manner: I have been a sad raking dog, and so. Oh, says the Doctor, I understand you, I have made that disorder my constant study, as such, can remove it in the most obstinate cases. Well, goes on the fellow, as I was coming up Fleet-street—you picked up a lady, I suppose, says the Doctor. No, says the fellow, but seeing one of your men giving bills away, I took one, and having occasion a little after to evacuate, I used one of your bills, which proved so small, that I besouled my fingers, therefore all I beg is, *that you would print them on larger paper, to prevent like accidents in future*.

A female sharper having looked out several pieces of silks at a mercer's facing the above celebrated Doctor's, after having a bill and receipt finished, begged the man of the shop to send them over to the Doctor's in a few minutes, and she would there pay for them. The lady afterwards went to the Doctor's, whom she begged to speak with, and then accosted him as follows. Doctor,
I have

I have a very near relation of mine, who has been a very great rake, and has thereby contracted a most vile disorder, he is withal so very modest, that he will not confess his disorder to any one, and indeed I found it out by mere accident. I have by a stratagem of pretending you want silks, persuaded him to visit you, and hope you will insist on knowing his disorder; and if you will effectually cure him, I will most thankfully repay the obligation. The doctor assured her he would comply with her request, and he did not doubt but he should make a perfect cure of him. The lady then retired, and going down stairs, met the man with the silks, which she took from him, saying, *Go to the Doctor who is up stairs, and he will pay you for them.* The misunderstanding that then must take place, is better conceived than expressed; but no doubt when they came to perfectly understand each other, they must admire the ingenuity and the plan; The Doctor would laugh with reason, while the poor mercer would hardly know whether to laugh or cry.

A couple of Irishmen, from the county of Kilkenny, meeting together, one had got lately married, Arrah, says the first, and how d'ye, and so you are after being married. Yes, faith, says the other, this eight weeks or two months. Ay, faith, says Patrick, 'twas a sery unkindly done of you, not to invite me to the wedding after it was over, that I might ha' been after throwing the stocking: well, now, and what sort of a wife have you got? for, upon my shoul, I shall never recover my surprise, if you do not tell me, and what sort of a family you're after getting? Why, Patrick, says Conno, *you know I am coal white, and she is coal black, and all our family is like to be pye-balls.*

A country fellow overthrew a cart full of onions into a pool of water, Ha, said he, *there wants nothing but salt and oatmeal to make good porridge.*

Whilst an ode of Cibber's was one day performing at court : Cibber being present, a popinjay of state wanted to enter into conversation with him. Cibber cut him short by saying, *My dear Lord, be silent, I only now want to hear my own nonsense.*

Lord Melcombe, whose Diary was published a few years since, to the disgrace of his memory, as it proved him to be a mean, fluctuating, venal character, was, when his name was plain *Bubb*, intended by the administration of that time to be sent ambassador to Spain. While this matter was in contemplation, Lord Chesterfield met him, and touching upon the proposed embassy, told *Bubb*, that he did not think him by any means fit to be the representative of the crown of England, at the Spanish Court. *Bubb* begged to know the ground of his objection. Why, said his lordship, your name is much too short,—*Bubb—Bubb*—do you think the Spaniards, a people who pride themselves on their family honours, and the length of their titles, will suppose a man can possess any dignity or importance with a name of *one syllable* ; and which is pronounced in a second ? No, my friend, you must not think of Spain, unless you make some addition to your name. *Bubb* desired his lordship to say, what he would have him do. Lord Chesterfield pausing a moment, exclaimed, I have it—*what do you think of calling yourself Silly Bubb.*

A captain of a man of war, who had got a circle round him, in one of the rooms at Bath, whom he was entertaining with some wonderful phenomenon which he had seen at sea ; when, looking round, and perceiving a gentleman laugh, he grew angry, and said, he did not believe him. Why, said the gentleman, did you see it ? Yes, I did, answered the captain. Well, if you saw it, said the gentleman, I will believe, *but I would not believe it if I had seen it myself.*

The captain, however, soon after returned the compliment ; for the gentleman was one of those who shot with

with a long bow, or in other words, paid but little regard to truth, in his fallies of wit and humour; and having told a most confounded story, the captain gave a hem; upon which the other made up to him; and so, captain, says he, you won't believe this? Why, yes, says the captain, I will to oblige you;—*but I would not believe such another lie for any man upon the face of the earth.*

A person describing a snuff box he had seen, which was an Egyptian pebble set in pinchbeck, said it was *a gipsy's nipple set in pinch-gut.*

Lady Grosvenor being asleep in her closet, with the Adventures of Peregrine Pickle before her, her Lord happened to step in, and looking over the book without waking her, took the liberty to change it for the Practice of Piety, and so left her. When she awaked she presently perceived the trick, and his lordship entering, while the book was yet in her hand, he took occasion to compliment her on her ladyship's reformation. Nay, nay, answered the lady, let our reformation go hand in hand, I beseech you—when you, my Lord *practise the Whole Duty of Man, then I will read the Practice of Piety.*

When Swift was a young man, and by no means known in the literary world, he happened to be standing in a careless manner, with his back to the fire, at Old Slaughter's coffee-house; a gentleman just opposite to him, who was superscribing a letter, seeing a raw-boned awkward fellow rather engross the fire, calls out, *Pray, young man, have you got any sand about you?* No, friend, says Swift, *but I have got some gravel, and if you will give me your letter, I will piss upon it directly.*

Two comedians belonging to Covent-Garden Theatre, having a wager about which of them sung the best, they agreed to refer it to Dr. Arne, who undertook to be ar-

bitrator on this occasion. A day was accordingly agreed on, and both the parties executed, to the best of their abilities, before him. As soon as they had finished, the doctor proceeded to give judgment in the following manner : As for you, Sir, addressing himself to the first, you are by much the *worst* singer I ever heard in my life. Ah, said the other, exulting, I knew I should win my wager. Stop, Sir, says the doctor, I have a word to say to you before you go, which is this, *that as for you, Sir, you cannot sing at all.*

A certain smatterer in letters, being one day at the Bedford coffee-house, took it into his head to abuse, with great freedom, all the modern literati, observing that there was very little wit, humour, or learning in the present age. Some time after Dr. Hayes, well known by the name of Count Hayes, came into the room, when a gentleman was telling him how his friend had been abusing the *moderns*. I have not the least doubt of his ill nature, says Hayes, so he would *the ancients too, if he knew their names.*

When the Duke of Grafton was a boy, he lived very much with his aunt, the Countess of Harrington, and at this time of life, (though of a very thin delicate constitution) gave evident signs of an amorous disposition.— Among the rest of his amours, he very warmly solicited my lady's woman, and one evening behaved so indecently to her, that she was under the necessity of complaining to her lady. How is this, Sir, says her ladyship, that you can behave so rude in my house? Lord, madam, says the other, to tell you the truth, Nancy did look so charming, *flesh and blood could not refrain.* Come, come, Charles, returned her ladyship, let me hear no more of such doings in this house: it may be an excuse for flesh and blood, *but I am sure it can be none for skin and bone.*

Agen-

A gentleman named Ball, being about to purchase a cornetcy in a regiment of horse, was presented to the Colonel for approbation, who, being a nobleman, declared he did not like the name, and would have no balls in his regiment: *No, nor powder neither, said the gentleman, if your lordship could help it.*

A person in London, writing, or rather meaning to write to a friend in the country, to direct to him at the Saracen's Head, Snowhill, or at Mr. Jocelyn's, an apothecary, under the Piazza, Covent Garden, wrote as follows: "Dyewrest for me, at the Serjeant's Head, in Sowwal, or at Mr. Jaw flings potty carrier, under the Phha Common Garding."

A certain Irish gentleman making strong love to a great fortune, told her, *he could not sleep for dreaming of her.*

When the Coterie was first established, one of the general rules was, that *two* members, male or female, married or unmarried, made a club; one of the elderly ladies, not so very scrupulous in *private*, was however, for making an alteration in this rule, by insisting on the number being *three*; for says she, suppose a lady and a gentleman might happen to meet first, would it not be an awkward situation? Not at all, madam, said Lord Har——g——n, who happened to be present, for you know, a gentleman and a lady *can readily make a third.*

Upon an extraordinary occasion, there was a ball at Wapping. The men concerned in it were made up of a crew of sailors and colliers. The colliers, who came in last, observing the sailors, contrary to their expectation, to be spruced up in their best cloaths, withdrew into another room to wash their faces, and brush themselves; when the head of the Colliery, who was more cunning than the rest, said to them, Look ye, lads, it is all fruitless pains; if you

will be ruled by me, let us go into the great room, and jostle among the sailors for their places; *and I will engage, though we cannot make ourselves as clean as they are, we shall quickly make them as black as ourselves.*

A woman having a cross-grained husband, hard to please, she desired him to write down what she should do, and what she should not do, that she might not err in her performance. This was done, and she well observed her rules; when one day, going a mile or two to visit a friend, the good man got light headed, and on his return home, he reeled into a ditch, calling to his wife to help him out. Indeed, husband, said she, I remember no such article in my orders; but I'll go home and see, and if there be, I'll come and help you: or else you must get out as well as you can, for I am resolved not to break them.

Once, as the Prince of Conde was passing on foot thro' a town in France, under his father's government, the chief magistrate of the place, who was an old man, met him, and began to make an oration with the best rhetoric he could. But the prince being in a frolicsome humour, took advantage of a very low congee the old gentleman made him. The magistrate not taking any notice of this wild prank, turned very gravely about, and addressed himself with a new obeisance, but not so low as the former. However, the nimble prince caught him upon the half bend, and setting his hands upon the old monsieur's shoulders, whipt over again a second time; which quite spoiled his intended speech, to the great diversion of all the spectators.

A constable, whose name was *Nott*, being upon the watch, a jolly fellow, who had some little knowledge of him, was brought before him; and then demanding where the constable was, the other strutting with his staff, said, I am he. You are *Nott* the constable, replied the other. Then said Mr. constable *Nott*, I say I am the constable, and that you shall

shall find, to your sorrow, if you dare deny my authority once more. You do not hear me, replied the other, deny your authority; for I say, *you are Nott the constable*. Well, take him to the compter. And the next morning the Constable's ignorance appearing, in not knowing his own name, when he heard it, he was ordered to pay the fees; and give the party he had committed a treat of a guinea, to be friends with him.

During Lord Townshend's residence in Dublin, as viceroy, he often went in disguise thro' the city. He had heard much of the wit of a shoe-black, known by the name of blind Peter, whose stand was always at the Globe coffee-house door; having found him out, he stopped to get his boots cleaned, who was no sooner done than his lordship asked Peter to give him change for half a guinea? Half a guinea! your honour, said the ragged wit, change for half a guinea from me, by G—, Sir, *you may as well ask a Highlander for a knee-buckle*.—His lordship was so well pleased, that he left him the bit of gold and walked off.

The first night the pantomime of Fortunatus was performed last season, at Drury-lane Theatre, a player was placed at the wing to go on and relieve one of the petrified figures that appear in succession in that piece.—Go on! go! said the Prompter, when it came to his turn, 'tis not my turn yet, said the fellow, I am not to go on till Mr. Grimaldi is petrified.

The day before Miss Satchell was married, she was in company where the merit of the great Kemble was the topic; a lady turned to Miss Satchell and asked her, with a significant smile, which was the great Kemble? Upon my word, said the young lady, with a deep blush, I cannot now inform you. In a day or two after the nuptials, the lady paid her a visit of congratulation, and asked her if the great Kemble had been to visit her? Visit me! visit me! said the pretty bride, *Lord, my dear, I am in possession of the great Kemble!*

The

The late Dr. Howard, of pleasant memory, collecting a brief with the parish officers of St. George's, Southwark, where he had been many years rector, called among the rest of the inhabitants, on a grocer, with whom he had a running account; to prevent being first asked for a settlement, enquiring if he was not some trifle in his debt. On referring to the ledger there appeared a balance of 17s. in favour of the tradesman; the doctor had recourse to his pocket, and pulling out some half-pence, a little silver and a guinea. Mr. Fig, eyeing the latter with a degree of surprise, exclaimed, Good God, Sir, you seem to have got a *stranger* there? Indeed I have Mr. Fig, replied the wit, returning it again very deliberately into his pocket, *and before we part we shall be better acquainted.*

The following anecdote has been related by an American gentleman, and may be depended on as a fact.—When the British and American armies were near each other, in the neighbourhood of German Town, five Hessian soldiers, who had straggled into the woods, and lost their way, were met by an Irishman, who was a private in Washington's army: he immediately presented his piece, and desired them to surrender; they supposing that he was supported by a party of the enemy, did as he directed, and threw down their arms. He then marched them before him to the American lines, and brought them to head quarters. General Washington wondered at the spirit and achievement of the fellow, asked him, how he, a single man, could capture five? Why, says the Irishman, *please your Excellency, by Jafus, I surrounded them!*—The General, who was seldom known even to smile, laughed heartily at the bull, gave him a sum of money, and promoted him to a halbert.

An Englishman and Dutchman disputing about the goodness of their different countries; says the Dutchman your country thinks of nothing but guttling, and even the names of your places have a reference to it, you have your
Portf

Portsmouths, your Dartmouths, your Exmouths; and you are all mouths together. Ay, replies the Englishman, and you have your *Amsterdams*, and your *Rotterdams*, and G—d—— you all together, say I.

The D. I. O. of lady Wallace, was a joke in circulation some time ago at Bath—A silly custom took place among the affected people of fashion who frequented that place, of using initials in their cards, instead of intelligible words. The card left on taking leave of the place was P. P. C. which turned into language, was *Pour prendre conge*—A plain Englishman, to ridicule this affectation, left a card at every house where he had visited with the letters D. I. O. which engaged the curiosity, and exercised the penetration of the tabbies at the tea table for a week, when the gentleman, in a letter to a friend, condescended to tell them its meaning, viz. *Damne I am off.*

Madam Rollan, who lately died at Paris, was a principal dancer, at Covent-Garden, as far back as fifty years past, when she was held in that public esteem, that having one day sprained her ankle, no less an actor than *Quin* was ordered by the managers to make an apology to the audience, for her not appearing in the dance. *Quin*, who, in addition to his aversion of the French, looked upon all dancers as the mere garnish of the stage, at first demurred, but being threatened with a forfeiture, he growlingly came forward, and in a course way, thus addressed the audience,

Ladies and Gentlemen,

I am desired by the manager to inform you, that the dance intended for this night, is obliged to be postponed on account of Mademoiselle Rollan having dislocated her ankle, *I wish it had been her neck, the B—— damme.*

Macklin being asked by a gentleman in the boxes, what sort of a dancer Madam Rollan was? he replied, Why, Sir, *about half a century ago we had nothing like her.*

Mr.

Mr. Palmer going home after the business of the Theatre was concluded one evening, saw a man lying upon the ground, with another upon him, beating him most violently. Upon this he remonstrated with the uppermost, telling him that his conduct was unfair, and that he ought to let his opponent get up, and have an equal chance with him. The fellow drolly turned his face to Mr. Palmer, and drily replied, "Faith, Sir, if you had been at as much trouble to get him down as I have, you would not be for letting him get up so readily."

When the celebrated Miss Catley was making one of her annual excursions to Ireland, in company with some of her brethren and sisters of the stage, the weather was so bad in going from Holyhead to Dublin, that most of the passengers kept in the cabbin. Just as they were entering Dublin-bay, a heavy sea laid the vessel down, after sweeping every thing from the deck. A well-known master of music popping his head up to enquire what was the matter; Catley answered him, *Oh, Sir, it is only water parted from the Sea in a forte strain.*

A physician, who lived in London, visited a lady who lived at Chelsea; after continuing his visits for some time, the lady expressed an apprehension, that it might be inconvenient for him to come so far on her account—*Oh, madam, replied the doctor, I have another patient in this neighbourhood, and by that means, you know, I kill two birds with one stone.*

Alexander the Great, seeing Diogenes, who was looking attentively at a large collection of human bones, piled one upon another, asked the philosopher what he was looking for? *I am searching, says Diogenes, for the bones of your father, but I cannot distinguish them from those of his slaves.*

A poor player having lent one of his comrades a small matter, spoke to him one night behind the scenes, in Covent

vent Garden Theatre. By G—, Tom, those two guineas I lent you ought to be paid me; you know I am in great distress. Do not talk to me about it, said the other, by heavens, within this week I will take care to pay you *in some shape or other*. You will oblige me, replied the creditor, *and pray let it be as much in the shape of two guineas as possible*.

An extravagant young fellow, who was very forward to spend his money, though he could but ill afford it, being one evening in company in a public house where it was proposed to spend six-pence a piece; the young spendthrift, not contented with this reasonable expence, insisted that it should be a shilling; saying he knew no *difference between a shilling and six-pence*. To which a sly old economist replied, *But you will, young gentleman, when you come to be worth but eighteen-pence*.

Beau Nash took a hack one night at Temple Bar, and bade the man drive to Berkley-square. The fellow, who had been wishing for the usual time of his going home, swore, as he was mounting the box, that he should be glad to drive his fare to hell. Do you consider, said Nash, when they were come to Berkley-square, that if you had driven me to hell, as you said just now, you should be glad to do, *you must have gone there yourself*.—You mistake, Sir, replied the fellow, *for I should have backed you in*.

A certain Lord Chancellor of a neighbouring kingdom, was no better than the son of an alewife. While he was in this high station, a countryman, who held a considerable farm under him, came one day to pay him a large sum for rent. Dinner was just over, and my Lord was drinking a bottle with some guests of quality; knowing his tenant, though a rustic, to be a man of some vanity, he thought he should gratify that, in a high degree, by admitting him into the dining room, and therefore, with an apology, begged his company's permission for so doing. He was accordingly

ly introduced, and, after a few scrapes, seated himself modestly enough at an end of the side-board. A few complimentary questions being over, about his health, and that of his good wife and children, my lord told him, there were variety of liquors; but that, as he supposed, wine (being unused to it) might not be altogether suitable to his palate, the butler should fill him a bumper of good October. The Farmer had sense enough to take this degradation of his taste for an affront, and was resolved to revenge it. He drank the beer, and, when it was down, smacked his lips, as if he was highly pleased. My lord fancying that to be the case, merrily asked him how he liked it? Why, really, replied the arch rogue, I cannot say but that it is very good; *and yet, by my faith, I think that I have drank better at your mother's, the Crooked Billet, formerly, for two-pence per quart!*

Two gentlemen, who were near neighbours and intimates, lived very happily many years with their respective wives. At length one of the husband's dying, and likewise the wife of his friend, the two survivors, after a certain time, thought proper to make a match. But, though each of these had been very happy in a former marriage, they were now quite otherwise, and there was no agreement between them. The husband opening himself hereupon to one of his acquaintances, I cannot conceive, said he, how it is; I was very happy with my first wife; so was my present wife with her former husband; and yet we two cannot agree by any means: but there are everlasting squabbles between us. 'Tis very strange.—Not so strange as you seem to think it, said his acquaintance, I can explain it very easily. Of you four persons, you two husbands with your two wives, *there were two that were wise, and two that were foolish. The two wise ones were taken away, and the two fools are left alive.*

Some

Some time ago, Mr. Wilkes, dinining at Dolly's Chop-house, met with one of the aldermen ; who, tho' against him in the city, he very civilly accosted. To which the other made as furly and churlish a reply. However, Wilkes took no further notice, than tipping a wink to his companion. Presently the alderman began to be very riotous for his dinner, frequently calling out, *My steak, my steak, my steak.* which at length was brought him : then Wilkes, turning to his next neighbour, said, pretty loud, Pray, Sir, observe the difference between Dolly's Chop-house and the Bear-garden. *There the bear is brought to the stake ; here the steak is brought to the bear.*

An Oxford scholar, who piqued himself upon being a wag, was accosted on the road to London, by a person who asked him which was the nearest way to Tyburn ? *Why, replied the Oxonian, the nearest way you can take, is to stop the first person you meet, and demand his money.*—Are you sure of that ? replied the traveller, then drawing a pistol out of his pocket, *as I am for expedition, your money this instant.* The wag submitted to his demand, and paid six guineas for his joke.

Quin, having had an invitation from a certain nobleman, who was reputed to keep a very elegant table, to dine with him ; and having no manner of aversion to a good repast, he accordingly waited on his lordship, but found the regale far from answering his expectations—Upon his taking leave, the servants, who were very numerous, had ranged themselves in the hall. Quin finding that if he gave to each of them, it would amount to a pretty large sum, asked, Which was the cook ? who readily answered, Me, Sir. He then enquired for the butler, who was as quick in replying as the other ; when he said to the first, *Here is half a crown for my eating :* and to the other, *Here is five shillings for my wine ; but, by G—, gentlemen, I never made so bad a dinner for the money in my life.*

A pun-

A punster going along the Strand, when a great mob of spectators was gathering to see a malefactor pass to his execution at Charing-cross, asked a genteel person, who was standing in the crowd, What was the name of the fellow going to be hanged? He answered, one *Vowel*!—Ah! said the quariest, *Do you know which of them it is, Sir, for there are several of that name?* No, returned the other, I do not. Well, said the wag, this however is certain, and I am very glad of it, *that it is neither U nor I.*

Pope, who, whatever his other good qualities might be, certainly was not much troubled with good nature, was one evening at Burton's coffee-house, where he and a set of *literati* had got poring over a *manuscript* of the Greek comic poet *Aristophanes*, in which they found a passage they could not comprehend. As they talked pretty loud, a young officer, who stood by the fire, heard their conference, and begged that he might be permitted to look at the passage.—Oh! says Pope, *farcastically, by all means, pray let the young man look at it;* upon which the officer took up the book, and considering a while, said, *that there only wanted a note of interrogation to make the whole intelligible, which was really the case.* And pray master, says Pope (piqued perhaps at being out done by a red coat) *what is a note of interrogation?*—A note of interrogation (replied the youth, with a look of the utmost contempt, *is a little crooked thing that asks questions!* 'Tis said, however, that Pope was so delighted with the wit, that he forgave the sarcasm on his person.

An Englishman and a Welchman disputing in whose country was the best living. Said the Welchman, there is such noble housekeeping in Wales, that I have known about a dozen cooks employed at one wedding dinner. Ay, answered the Englishman, *that was because every man toasted his own cheese.*

When

When it was reported that Dr. Ford, one of the Patentees of Drury-lane, had sustained a considerable loss by not succeeding in opening a coal pit, near Oxford, a certain genius at the Bedford, said, he must certainly be very avacious, or else he might content himself with the opening of the pit in Drury-lane, which was superior in value to any coal-pit in England; and with respect to the vein he should endeavour to discover, it was the true vein of humour, suited to the taste of the town.

A young lady asked a widow her opinion of matrimony, Oh, madam, answered she, it would be a heavenly life, if the first night would last always.

A great crowd being gathered about a poor cobbler, who had just died in the street, a man asked Alexander Stevens what was to be seen? Only a cobbler's end, replied he.

A smart fellow, thinking to shew his wit one night at a tavern, called to the drawer. Here, Mercury, said he, take away this bottle full of emptiness. Said one of company, Do you speak that, Jack, of your own head.

Quin, one day, after a pretty long walk, dropt into a chop-house not far from Somerset-House, and asking the mistress what she had ready, she replied, that there was some nice veal *a-la-daube* quite hot. Well then, said he, let me have some *daubed* veal, I think you call it. A plate was accordingly brought him, which he presently dispatched, and had another; this was gone in a trice, and he had a fourth, fifth, and sixth, which might perhaps altogether weigh about three quarters of a pound. Upon enquiring what was to pay, the mistress told him *twelve shillings*. By G——, madam, it must be a mistake; how do you sell your daubs a pound? Sir, she replied, rather pertly, we do not sell it by the pound! No, said he, I find you do not; but, by G—, you sell it at half a crown an ounce.

The

Some ladies in the green room, whose legs were remarkably pretty, and as such displayed them by short petticoats, were mentioning an excursion and entertainment they had at Richmond—that there were not proper vegetables: some liked peas—some liked cauliflowers—at last it came to *Quick's*: for my part, says *Jack*, ladies in your company should have been contented with *turn-ups*.

An officer of a disbanded regiment applying to the paymaster of the forces for his arrears, told him, that he was in the most extreme want, and on the point of dying with hunger. The treasurer, seeing him of a jovial and ruddy aspect, told him that his countenance belied his complaint. Good, my lord, replied the officer, for heaven's sake do not mistake; *the visage you see is not mine, but my landlady's, for she has fed me on credit for above twelve months.*

Jemmy Whitley having once been absent from company about a week, *hunting for a town*, on his return, he was resolved to watch the motions of his gentlemen. Accordingly, wrapping his great coat loosely round him, to pass the door-keeper unobserved, he paid down his money, and placed himself in a corner of the pit. The play was *Richard the Third*. The performers not being very accurate in their parts, he, with a pocket book and pencil, set down each blunder upon paper, in order that, when Saturday morning came, he might stop the forfeits of their salaries. He frequently expressed his disapprobation, by distorting his muscles, in a sort of tragi-comic grin, at every blunder that was made. At length comes on the catastrophe, when the heroes, Richmond and Richard, were determined to surprise the audience with a good fight. Accordingly, to it they fell—the one with an old broad sword and the other with a rusty foil—and kicking up a terrible riot, this sham fight had the desired effect, inasmuch that a lady, knowing Whitley, exclaimed, “For heaven's sake, Mr. Whitley, stop the gentlemen, or they will murder one another!” The manager drily answered, “Do not frighten yourself, madam,—they are too intent upon *murdering the play* to hurt themselves.

A
C O L L E C T I O N
OF EXCELLENT
EPIGRAMS, MERRY STORIES,
DROLL EPITAPHS, &c. &c.

By Dean Swift.

AS Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
He took to his heels and ran for his life:
Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble,
And screen'd him at once from the shrew and the rabble;
Then ventur'd to give him some wholesome advice:
But Tom is a fellow of humour so nice,
Too proud to be counsell'd, too wise to take warning,
He sent to all three a challenge next morning:
He fought with all three, thrice ventur'd his life,
Then went home again, and was thrash'd by his wife.

The Cure of Love.

When, Chloe, I confess my pain,
In gentle words you pity shew,
But gentle words are all in vain,
Such gales my flame but higher blow;

J. M.

H

Ah,

Ah, Chloe, would you ease the smart
 Your conqu'ring eyes have keenly made,
 Yourself upon my bleeding heart,
 Yourself, fair Chloe, must be laid.
 Thus for the viper's sting we know,
 No surer remedy is found,
 Than to apply the tort'ring foe,
 And squeeze his venom on the wound.

On a company of bad dancers to good music.

How ill the motion with the music suits !
 So Orpheus fiddled, and so danc'd the brutes.

On seeing a Miser at Spring Gardens.

Music has charms to sooth the savage breast,
 To calm the tyrant, and relieve th' oppress'd :
 But Vauxhall's concert's more attracting pow'r,
 Unlock'd Sir Richard's pocket at threescore :
 Oh ! strange the effect of music's matchless force,
 T' attract a shilling from a miser's purse.

To a Sempstress.

Oh, what bosom but must yield,
 When, like Pallas, you advance,
 With a thimble for your shield,
 And a needle for your lance :
 Fairest of the stitching train,
 Ease my passion by your art ;
 And in pity to my pain,
 Mend the hole that's in my heart.

A Cure for Love.

Of two reliefs to cure a love-sick mind,
 Flavia prescribes despair : I urge be kind :
 Flavia be kind : The remedy's as sure ;
 'Tis the most pleasant and the quickest cure.

Under

Under the picture of a Eunu.

This vain thing set up for a man,
But see what fate attends him:
The powd'ring barber first began,
The barber-surgeon ends him.

A French gentleman dining with some company on a fast-day, called for some bacon and eggs; the rest were angry and reprov'd him for so heinous a sin: Whereupon he wrote the following lines extempore, which are here translated.

*Peut on croire avec bon sens
Qu'un lardon le mit en colere;
Ou, que manger un harang
C'est un secret pour luy plair?
En sa gloire envelope
Songe t'il bien de nos soupe.*

In English. By Dean Swift.

Who can believe with common sense,
A bacon slice gives God offence!
Or how a herring hath a charm
Almighty-anger to disarm?
Wrapt up in majesty divine,
Does he regard on what we dine?

On an old Woman with false Hair.

The golden hair that Gallia wears
Is her's: Who wou'd have thought it?
She Swears 'tis her's—and true she swears;
For I know where she bought it.

On an ugly old Woman in the dark. From Martial.

Whilst in the dark on thy soft hand I hung,
And heard the tempting syren in thy tongue;
What flames, what darts, what anguish I endur'd!
But, when the candle enter'd I was cur'd.

H 3

Upon

Upon the stealing a pound of Candles.

Light-finger'd Catch, to keep his hand in ure,
 Stole any thing; of this you may be sure,
 That he thinks all his own which once he handles,
 For practice-fake did steal a pound of Candles;
 Was taken in the fact: Oh, foolish wight!
 To steal such things as needs must come to light.

On a very homely Lady, that patch'd much.

Your homely face, Flippanta, you disguise,
 With patches, numerous as Argus' eyes;
 I own that patching's requisite to you,
 For more we're pleas'd, if less your face we view;
 Yet I advise, if my advice you'd ask,
 Wear but one patch; but be that patch a mask.

The Dart.

When'ere I look, I may descry
 A little face peep thro' that eye;
 Sure that's the boy who wisely chose
 His throne among such beams as those,
 Which, if his quiver chance to fall,
 May serve for darts to kill withal.

*To a young Gentleman who loved to drive hard with a sorry
 pair of Horses. By Mr. Prior.*

Thy nags, the leanest things alive,
 So very hard thou lov'st to drive,
 I heard thy anxious coachman say,
 It costs thee more in whips than hay.

Epigram.

This rain, says Dick, will raise the corn,
 And ev'ry thing to life;
 No! God forbid! cries Ralph, you know
 I lately lost my wife.

An

An extraordinary specimen of generous economy.

Frank, who will any friend supply,
 Lent me ten guineas—come, said I,
 Give me a pen; for 'tis but fair
 You take my note—quoth he, hold there,
 Jack!—to the cash I've bid adieu;
 No need to waste my paper too.

Epigram.

Just twenty-five is sister Fan,
 Her lips and cheeks like claret:
 Her hair as long as hop-poles ran,
 And red as any carrot;
 Five thousand pounds has Fan in portion,
 And wants a coach to give her motion.

On a library, where the books were in curious bindings.

With eyes of wonder the gay shelves behold!
 Poets—all rags alive—now clad in gold;
 In life and death one common fate they share,
 And on their backs still all their riches wear.

On the same Subject.

Pollio, who values nothing that's within,
 Rates books, like beavers—only for their skin!

On the Rule for Driving to the Left Hand.

The law of the road is a paradox quite;
 For, in orderly passing along,
 By observing the left, you're sure to go right,
 And if you go right, you go wrong.

The Miser and the Mouse.

To a mouse, says a miser, " My dear Mr. Mouse,
" Pray what may you please for to want in my house ?"
Says the mouse, Mr. Miser, pray keep yourself quiet,
" You are safe in your person, your purse, and your diet ;
" A lodging I want, which e'en you may afford ;
" But none wou'd come here to beg, borrow, or board.

To a Lady, on praising her Husband to Doctor Smith.

You always are making a god of your spouse :
But this neither reason nor conscience allows ?
Perhaps you will say, 'tis in gratitude due,
And you adore him, because he adores you
Your argument's weak, as so you will find,
For you, by this rule, must adore all mankind.

Upon writing a large Folio with a single Pen.

With one sole pen I writ this book,
Made of a grey-goose quill ;
A pen it was when it I took,
And a pen I leave it still,

Woman's Conscience.

Once on a time a woman beg'd a boon
Of friend or neighbour in a town.
He, gen'rous heart, quite free to all,
Of packthread gave to her a ball.
That measur'd twelve score yards to grant,
And bid her take what she might want.
She talk'd, roll'd off, to tire your patience,
At last she said, " Here's 'nough in conscience."
The man he smil'd and said, " Let's see
What length a woman's conscience be."
He found it forty yards in all,
" Oh ! then," said he, pray take the ball."

*On stealing the body of a young woman to be anatomized
from St. Peter's Church-Yard, Oxon, 1745.*

For shame, for shame ! Oxonians all,
And blush to hear it said,
" Not pleas'd to steal the girls alive,
" But must you steal them dead ?"
Insatiate nature thus directs,
Nor is it strange I own ;
That those who love to taste the flesh,
Should like to pick the bone.

*On the Grave-Stone of a Blacksmith, buried in Chester
Church-Yard.*

My sledge and hammer lie reclin'd,
My bellows too have lost their wind ;
My fire's extinct, my forge decay'd,
And in the dust my vice is laid ;
My coal is spent, my iron's gone,
My nails are drove, my work is done,
My fire-dry'd corps lies here at rest,
My soul, smoak like, is soaring to be blest.

The Lover's Legacy.

Unhappy Strephon, dead and cold,
His heart was from his bosom rent,
Embalm'd and in a box of gold,
To his beloved Kitty sent.
Some ladies might, perhaps, have fainted,
But Kitty smil'd upon the bauble ;
A pin-cushion, said she, I wanted,
Go, put it on the dressing-table.

The disappointed Husband.

A scolding wife so long a sleep possess'd,
Her spouse presum'd her soul was now at rest.
Sable was call'd to hang the room with black ;
And all their cheer was sugar, rolls, and sack.

And silence reign'd that ne'er was there before,
 Two mourning staffs stood centry at the door;
 The cloaks, and tears, and handkerchiefs prepar'd,
 They march'd, in woeful pomp, to Abchurch-yard;
 When, see of narrow streets what mischiefs come!
 The very dead can't pass in quiet home:
 By some rude jolt; the coffin-lid was broke,
 And madam from her dream of death awoke.
 Now all was spoil'd: the undertaker's pay,
 Sour faces, cakes, and wine, quite thrown away.
 But, some years after, when the former scene
 Was acted, and the coffin nail'd again,
 The tender husband took especial care,
 To keep the passage from disturbance clear,
 Charging the bearers that they tread aright,
 Nor put his dear in such another fright.

An Epitaph.

Here lies honest Strephon, with Mary his bride,
 Who merrily liv'd, and cheerfully dy'd;
 They laugh'd, and they lov'd, and drank while they
 were able,
 But now they are forc'd to knock under the table.
 This marble, which formerly serv'd them to drink on!
 Now covers their bodies, a sad thing to think on!
 That do what one can to moisten our clay,
 'Twill one day be ashes, and moulder away.

On a Letter-Founder at Oxford.

Under this stone lies honest Syl,
 Who dy'd—tho' fore against his will;
 Yet in his fame he shall survive,
 Learning shall keep his name alive:
 For he the parent was of letters,
 He founded to confound his betters.
 But what those letters should contain,
 Did never once disturb his brain.

Since,

Since, therefore, reader, he is gone;
Bray let him not be trod upon.

Epitaph in a Country Church-Yard, in Yorkshire.

Life is an Inn, (think, man, this truth upon);
Some only breakfast, and are quickly gone;
Others to dinner stay, and are full fed;
The oldest man but sups and goes to bed.
Large is his debt who lingers out the day;
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay.

On Nell Bachelor, a Pye-woman.

Beneath in the dust, the mouldy old crust
Of Nell Bachelor lately was shoven;
Who was skill'd in the arts of pyes, custards and tarts,
And knew every use of the oven.
When she liv'd long enough, she made her last puff;
A puff by her husband much prais'd;
Now here does she lie, and makes a dirt pye,
In hopes that her crust will be rais'd.

On a Miser.

Reader, beware immoderate love of pelf;
Here lies the worst of thieves—who robb'd himself.

On the late facetious Harry Howard, written by himself, and found amongst his papers after his Decease.

Here lies a blade, who all his life
With fortune held perpetual strife;
He rov'd about from place to place,
T' avoid a dun, or bailiff's face:
But now he's gone, nor fears a bum,
His debts are paid, and he's at home;
So, after many seasons past,
He's fix'd, and found a house at last.

On a Tallow Chandler.

Here lies Ned Stochale, honest fellow,
 Who dy'd by fat, and liv'd by tallow :
 His light before men always shone,
 His mold is underneath this stone.
 Then, taking things by the right handle,
 Is not this life a farthing candle ?
 The longest age, but a watch taper,
 A torch blown out by ev'ry vapour ;
 To-day 'twill burn, to-morrow blink,
 And end, as mortals, in a stink :
 If this be true, then worthy Ned
 Is a wax light among the dead ;
 His fluted form still sheds perfume,
 And scatters lustre round his tomb :
 Then what is mortal life ? Why, tush,
 This mortal life's not worth a rush.

On a great Eater.

Here lies Tom Turtle, who as neighbours tell,
 Plac'd all his happiness in living well ;
 Had he liv'd worse he'd been a better man,
 Nor ended life 'ere life was scarce begun :
 From what was good he ne'er was known to start,
 And dy'd with belly full and easy heart.
 Of all his doings fame has brought to light,
 There's nought that's great except his appetite.

Epitaph on a roving Fellow.

Here bows to earth, where all must bow,
 A man devoid of care ;
 Who eat and drank—the Lord knows how !
 And lodg'd—the Lord knows where !
 But Death, a penetrating scout,
 Would stop his worldly roam,
 Hence sily pump'd his living out,
 And fix'd his wav'ring home.

In Folkestone Church-Yard.

An house he hath, 'tis made of such good fashion,
 The tenant ne'er shall pay for reparation;
 Nor will his landlord ever raise his rent,
 Nor turn him out of doots for non-payment;
 From heavy taxes too, this cell is free;
 To such an house who would not tenant be?

On a country Cobler.

Beneath this green hillock lies honest Dick Hall,
 Whose service was courted by fair, brown, nay all;
 For his life was employ'd to keep, in foul weather,
 All harm from your feet by the strength of his leather.
 His wax was so smooth, his ends were so strong,
 His workmanship good, and so pleasing his song,
 That his neighbours would oft at his stall listen hours,
 To hear Derry down—Hearts of Oak—Social Pow'rs;
 And tho' it seems strange, for truth 'tis well known,
 He'd repair others' soles, but neglected his own;
 Yet wishing the future might better the past,
 He lived sixty years, and then—Death stole his last.

On Jonathan Payn, late of the Bath Theatre.

Beneath lies lamented the manes of Payn,
 Bereft of what's giddy, gay, thoughtless, or vain;
 Of Payn, who was pleasure's gay son thro' the year,
 But for Payn pleasure droops, and she now sheds a tear,
 In autumn Payn wither'd—in winter Payn died,
 Thus Summer's* sweet sunshine to Payn was denied,
 A dart from grim death enter'd Payn's honest breast,
 And a Dart† of religion consign'd him to rest.

* He courted Miss Summers, of the Bath Theatre.

† Parson Dart, who attended the funeral.

On a Tomb-stone, at Fiscard, in Wales, on two little Pappys.

Here lies to Papes as tead as nits,
Whom Cot took hence py agey fits;
They were too coot to stay with we
And so they're con to lif with he.

The dying Rake's Soliloquy.

From folly to vice, and from vice to the grave,
Behold I am hast'ning, half fool and half knave.
When my health and my fortune to riot gave way,
And my vigour and pow'rs felt a total decay,
The doctors were call'd; who, by virtue of fees,
Pronounc'd that their skill could remove the disease: HA
But reduc'd by their arts, and quite worn to a lath,
My carcase was sent to the vultures at Bath:
When drench'd and well drain'd by the faculty there,
All the hope that remain'd was to try native-air.
Scarce a doit in my purse, or a drop in my veins,
To my old mortgag'd house they convey'd my remains:
No friend to assist, no relation to grieve,
And scarcely a bed my bare bones to receive:
With solitude curs'd, and tormented with pain,
Distemper'd my body, distracted my brain;
No more by debauch, or companions deceiv'd;
But dreading that vengeance I once disbeliev'd,
Encompass'd with horrors, and each mortal evil,
I wait for the passport of Death to the Devil.

A Character of an old Rake.

Scorn'd by the wise, detected by the good;
Nor understanding aught, nor understood;
Profane, obscene, loud, frivolous, and pert;
Proud, without spirit; vain, without desert:
Affecting passions vice has long subdu'd;
Desperately gay—and impotently lewd:
And, as thy weak companions round thee sit,
Longin'g in folly, deem'g thy wit.

On a Dyer at Stamford.

My waistcoat I sent to the dyer,
 He said he was ill - I must stay:
 Sure no one can call him a liar,
 For he dy-ed himself the next day.

Deer on Venison.

Priscilla always calls her husband deer,
 Perhaps she bought him at too dear a rate,
 Or else to make the case more plain appear,
 Like to a deer she hath adorn'd his pate;
 If so good Venus send her luck:
 That she may live to make her dear a buck.

On a Bailiff.

Here lies John Trott, by trade a bum;
 And when he dy'd, the devil cry'd,
 Come, John, come.

An Epigram.

Says Jack, a dry consumptive smoaking sot,
 Whose mouth with weed is always glowing hot;
 Where shall I go, alas! when death shall come,
 And with his raw bon'd clutches seal my doom?
 Faith, replies Tom, there can no heaven be,
 Without tobacco, for such sots as thee:
 Nor need you fear a hell when you expire,
 You deal so much on earth in smok and fire,

Another.

A reason why we love
 Is out of season,
 Unless we can prove
 That love has reason.

Another.

Another.

A ragged prigg extoll'd himself,
As born of men of note ;
Cries Blunt, " you've got a coat of arms,
" But no arms to your coat."

Another

Some gallipots falling (a well tim'd disaster)
Brok e his head while poor syringe was spreading a plaister.

On Wit.

True wit is like the brilliant stone,
Dug from the Indian mine ;
Which boasts two various pow'rs in one,
To cut as well as shine.
Genius like that, if polish'd right,
With the same gift abounds ;
Appears at once both keen and bright,
And sparkles while it wounds.

On a Beau, who was always looking in a Glass.

He admires his cloaths, how elegant they fit,
And spans his waist, as slender as his wit.

On a pretty Lady of ill Temper.

Did Celia's person and her mind agree,
What mortal could behold her, and be free :
But nature has in pity to mankind,
Enrich'd the image, and defac'd the mind.

Another,

Here lies John Pye ;
O ho ! does he so ?
There let him lie.

On

On a Nobleman's Tombstone.

I dreamt that bury'd in the fellow clay,
 Close by a common beggar's side I lay;
 And as so mean a neighbour shock'd my pride,
 Thus (like a corpse of quality) I cry'd:
 Away! thou scoundrel! henceforth touch me not,
 " More manners learn, and at a distance rot;
 " Thou scoundrel! in a louder tone, cry'd he,
 " Proud lump of dirt, I scorn thy words and thee?
 " We're equal now, I'll not an inch resign;
 " This is my dunghill, and the next is thine."

On Maids.

Most maids resemble Eve, now in their lives,
 Who are no sooner women, but they're wives.

Susannah and the Two Elders.

When fair Susannah, in a cool retreat
 Of shady arbors, shunn'd the sultry heat,
 Two wanton lechers to her garden came,
 And, rushing furious, seiz'd the trembling dame,
 What female strength could do, her arms perform,
 And guarded well the fort they strove to storm,
 The story's ancient, and if rightly told,
 Young was the lady, but the lovers old.
 Had the reverse been true! had authors sung,
 How that the dame was old, the lovers young,
 If she had then the blooming pair deny'd,
 With tempting youth and vigour on their side,
 Lord! how the story would have shock'd my creed!
 For that had been a miracle indeed.

On Miss Biddy Floyd.

When Cupid did his grandfire Jove entreat,
 To form some beauty by a new receipt;
 Jove sent and found, far in a country scene,
 Truth, innocence, good-nature, looks serene;

From which ingredients first the dextrous boy
 Pick'd the demure, the awkward, and the coy :
 The graces from the court did next provide
 Breeding, and-wit, and air, and decent pride :
 These Venus cleans'd from every spurious grain
 Of nice, coquet, affected, pert, and vain :
 Jove mix'd up all ; and his best clay employ'd,
 Then call'd the happy composition, Floyd.

On the late Lord H——y.

Parent of dullness ! genuine son of night !
 Total eclipse ! without one ray of light :
 Born when dull midnight bells for fun'ral chime,
 Just at the closing of the bellman's rhyme.

The Scotch Weather-wife.

Scotland, thy weather's like a modish wife ;
 Thy winds and rains maintain perpetual strife ;
 So termagant, a while, her thunder hies ;
 And when she can no longer scold—she cries.

On Humphry Briggs, who had three Wives.

Here lies Sarah, Mary, and Elizabeth Briggs,
 And Humphry their husband who hum'd all their gigs.

Mens Muliebris.

Nature to all does kind provision make,
 And what men want in head they have in back ;
 Then who can disapprove the fair one's rules,
 Who talk with men of sense, but kiss with fools ?

Translated from Buchanan.

Poor, when in youth, now worn with feeble age :
 I'm rich ; but wretched still in either stage ;
 When wealth I could enjoy, I then had none ;
 Now plenty's come all power of use is gone.

The Lucky Man.

I owe, says Metius, much to Colon's care ;
 Once only seen, he chose me for his heir :
 True, Metius ; hence your fortunes take their rise ;
 His heir you were not, had he seen you twice.

*On Ben Johnson's bust, set up in Westminster-Abbey, with the
 buttons on the wrong side of his coat.*

O Rare Ben Johnson ! What, a turn-coat grown !
 Thou ne'er wert such, 'till thou wert clad in stone.
 When time thy coat, thy only coat impairs,
 Thou'lt find a patron in a hundred years ;
 Then let not this mistake disturb thy sprite,
 Another age shall set thy buttons right.

Written in the leaves of a Fan.

Flavia the least and slightest toy,
 Can with resistless art employ ;
 This fan in meaner hands would prove
 An engine of small force in love ;
 Yet she, with graceful air and mien,
 Not to be told or fairly seen,
 Directs its wanton motion so,
 That it wounds more than Cupid's bow ;
 Gives coolness to the matchless dame,
 To every other breast a flame.

On a Papist's praying to the Statue of a Saint.

When you before an image kneeling down,
 Cry with grave face, *Our Father*, to the stone :
 Forgive me if I say you seem to me,
 More senseless than the thing to which you pray :
 As you yourself by this expression own,
 For he's a block, whose father is—a stone.

On a Lady who pretended to tell Fortunes.

Some oracles of old, to cause more wonder,
 Were, when pronounc'd, accompany'd with thunder;
 But thy predictions come not in a storm,
 They are deliver'd by the brightest form:
 If when you speak, Jove does not pierce the sky,
 Yet still you've all his light'ning in your eye.

Epitaph.

Here lies a lady, who, if not bely'd,
 Took St. Paul's advice, and all things try'd:
 Nor stopt she here; but follow'd thro' the rest,
 And always stuck the longest to the best.

Question.

Whether 'twas love of fame, or love of ale,
 The wife obtain'd the entire, by marrying *Thrale*?
 But when a second husband fan'd the fire,
 Say, did the *Italian nuptials* give th' entire?

Answer.

The wife gave her hand at the altar to *Thrale*,
 For something she lov'd, and it might be good ale;
 Then married a second, with wishes not fewer,
 Who wanted *that something*, possess'd by the brewer;
 The answer is this to the question you put,
 She found one *entire*, and the other *all-but*.

Epitaph on an unknown person.

Without a name, for ever senseless, dumb,
 Dust, ashes, nought else, lies within this tomb,
 Where'er I liv'd, or dy'd, it matters not;
 To whom related, or by whom begot;
 I was, but am not, ask no more of me;
 It's all I am, and all that thou shalt be.

In a window of a room in the Tower of London is wrote,

R. Walpole, 1712.

Underneath that are the following lines.

Good unexpected, evil unforeseen,
Appear by turns, as fortune shifts the scene ;
Some, rais'd aloft, come tumbling down again,
And fall so hard, they bound to rise again.

The Artist.

Very nicely thou lay'st on thy colours, dear Nan,
And no painter in skill can o'er-top ye ;
When to Ellys you sat, he dully brush'd on,
'Till he thought he had an original drawn,
Which you prov'd to be only a copy.

To Chloe.

Thy eyes and eyebrows I could spare ;
Nor for thy nose do I much care ;
I could dispense too with thy teeth ;
And with thy lips, and with thy breath,
And with thy breast, and with thy belly,
And with that which I wont tell ye ;
And, to be short—hark, in thy ear ;
Faith I could spare thee All, my dear.

Venus mistaken.

When Chloe's picture was to Venus shewn,
Surpriz'd the goddess took it for her own ;
And what, said she, does this bold painter mean ?
When was I bathing thus, and naked seen ?
Pleas'd, Cupid heard, and check'd his mother's pride ;
And who's blind now, mamma ? the urchin cry'd,
'Tis Chloe's eye, and cheek, and lip, and breast,
Friend Howard's genius fancied all the rest.

Epitaph

Epitaph on a talkative old Maid.

Beneath this silent stone is laid
 A noisy antiquated maid,
 Who, from her cradle, talk'd till death,
 And ne'er before was out of breath.
 Whither she's gone we cannot tell,
 For if she talks not she's in h— :
 If she's in heaven she's there unblest,
 Because she hates a place of rest.

Thais, her teeth are black and nought,
 Lucania's white are grown ;
 But what's the reason ? these are bought,
 The other wears her own.

A Dialogue between two very bad Poets.

Says Richard * to Joe † thou'rt a very sad dog,
 And thou can'st write verses no more than a log ;
 Says Joseph to Dick, prithee ring-rhime get hence,
 Sure my verse, at least, is as good as thy sense.
 Was e'er such a contest recorded in song ;
 The one's in the right, and t'others not wrong.

On a Robbery.

Ridway rob'd Duncote of three hundred pounds ;
 Ridway was taken and condemn'd to die :
 But for his money was a courtier found,
 Beg'd Ridway's pardon : Duncote now doth cry.
 Rob'd both of money and the law's relief,
 The courtier is become the greater thief.

On Suicide.

When all the blandishments of life are gone,
 The coward creeps to death, the brave lives on.

* Savage.

† Mitchel.

A Simile.

Women to cards may be compar'd: we play
 A round or two; when us'd, we throw away,
 Take a fresh pack; nor is it worth our grieving,
 Who cuts and shuffles with the dirty leaving.

On the late Sally Salisbury.

Here flat on her back, but unactive at last,
 Poor Sally lies under grim death;
 Thro' the course of her vices she gallop'd so fast,
 No wonder she's now out of breath.
 To the goal of her pleasure she drove very hard,
 But was trip'd up e'er half way she ran;
 Tho' every one fancied her life was a yard,
 Yet it prov'd to be less than a span.

The Choice.

Too conscious of her worth a noble maid,
 Bauk'd many a lover, and her mind out-stray'd,
 While yet a peer, less doubting than the rest,
 Defy'd her coldness, and attack'd her breast.
 A spaniel whelp, and spaniel lord declare
 Their vows to serve, and hope to please the fair;
 The cautious nymph, still fearing a trapan,
 Their fortune, wit, and worth, did nicely scan;
 Then, as the reason of the case is clear,
 Embrac'd the puppy, and dismiss'd the peer.

An Epitaph on little Stephen, a noted Fidler in the county of Suffolk.

Stephen and time
 Are now both even;
 Stephen beat time,
 Now time beats Stephen.

On

On a certain Writer.

Half of your book is to an index grown ;
 You give your book contents, your readers none.

*Wrote on the door of the Angel-Inn, on the road to Newmarket,
 which was kept by two sisters, but just then shut up, and
 the sign taken down.*

Christian and Grace
 Liv'd in this place,
 An Angel kept the door ;
 But Christian's dead,
 The Angel's fled,
 And Grace is turn'd a whore.

On a Lady who was very handsome and very kind.

Chloe's the very wonder of her sex,
 'Tis well her heart is tender ;
 How might such killing eyes perplex,
 With virtue to defend her !
 But nature, graciously inclin'd,
 Not bent to vex, but please us,
 Has to her boundless beauty join'd
 A boundless will to ease us.

On a certain Poet.

Thy verses are eternal, O my friend !
 For he who reads them, reads them to no end.

*Pin'd to a sheet, in which a Woman stood to do Penance in the
 Church..*

Here stand I, for whores as great,
 To cast a scornful eye on ;
 Should each whore here be doom'd a sheet,
 You'd soon want one to lie on.

On

On an old Maid's Marriage.

Celia, a coquet in her prime,
 The vainest sickleſt thing alive;
 Behold the ſtrange effects of time!
 Marries and doats at forty-five.
 Thus weathercocks, who for a-while
 Have turn'd about with every blaſt,
 Grown old, and deſtitute of oil,
 Ruſt to a point, and fix at laſt.

On a Welchman.

A Welchman coming late into an inn,
 Aſked the maid what meat there was within?
 Cow heels, ſhe answer'd, and a breaſt of mutton;
 But, quoth the Welchman, ſince I am no glutton,
 Either of theſe ſhall ſerve: To night the breaſt,
 The heels i' th' morning, then light meat is beſt;
 At night he took the breaſt, and did not pay,
 I' th' morning took his heels, and ran away.

The fate of Poetry.

Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
 Thro' which the living Homer beg'd his bread.

To a Lady who married her Footman.

Dear couſin, think it no reproach,
 (Thy virtues ſhine the more)
 To take black John into the coach,
 He rode behind before.

To ———, the Miſer.

When thou art aſk'd to ſup abroad,
 Thou ſwear'ſt thou haſt but newly din'd,
 That eating late does over-load
 The ſtomach and the mind.

But

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